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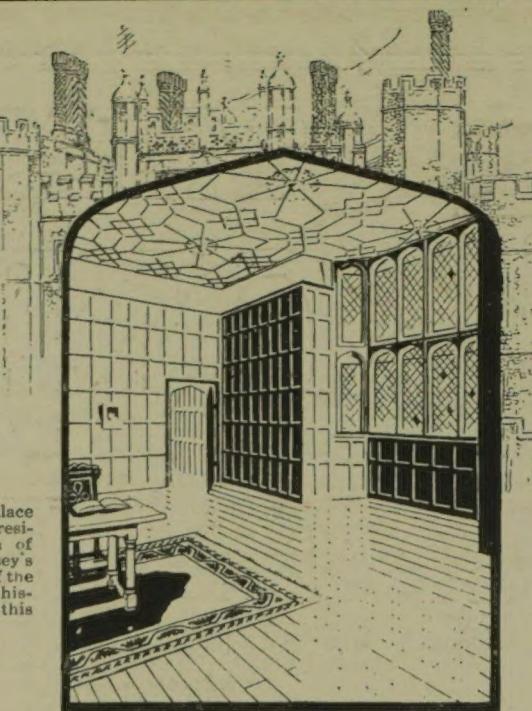
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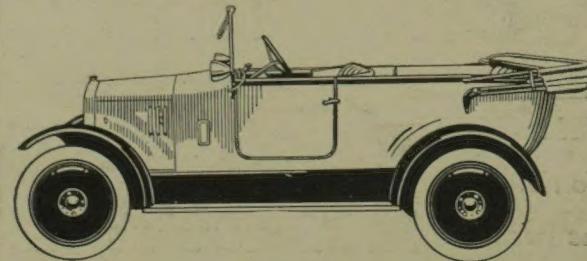
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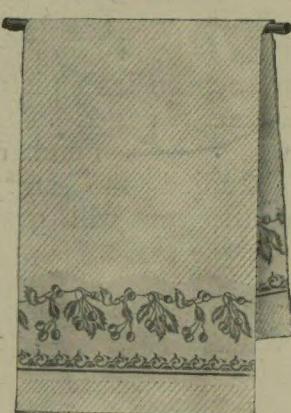
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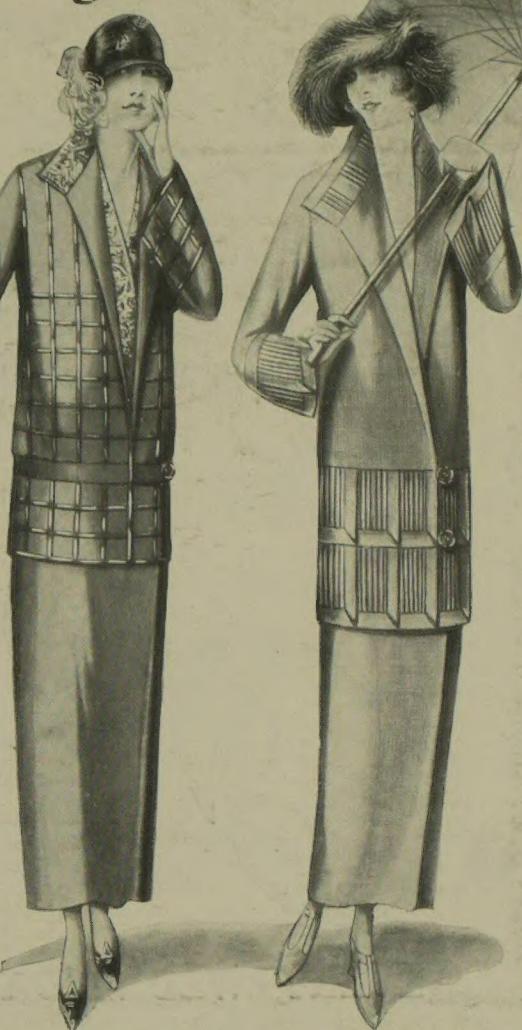
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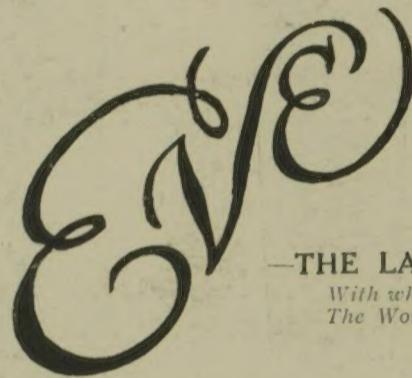
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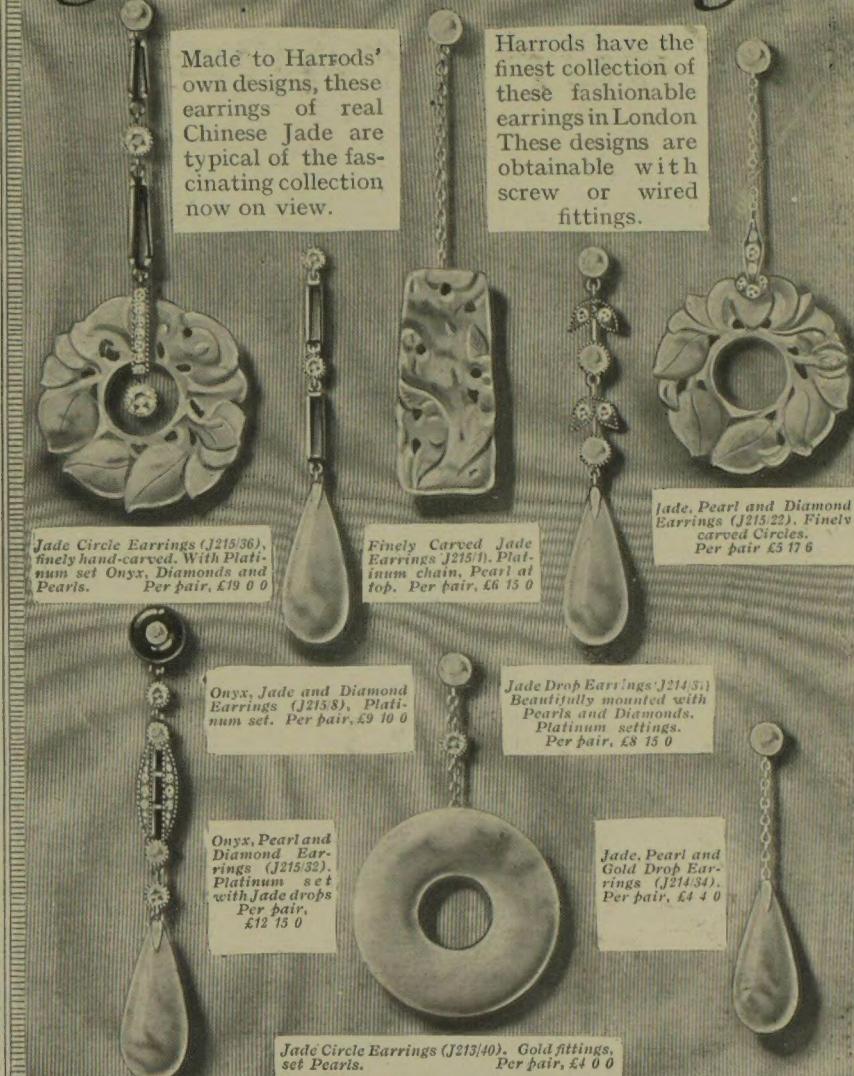
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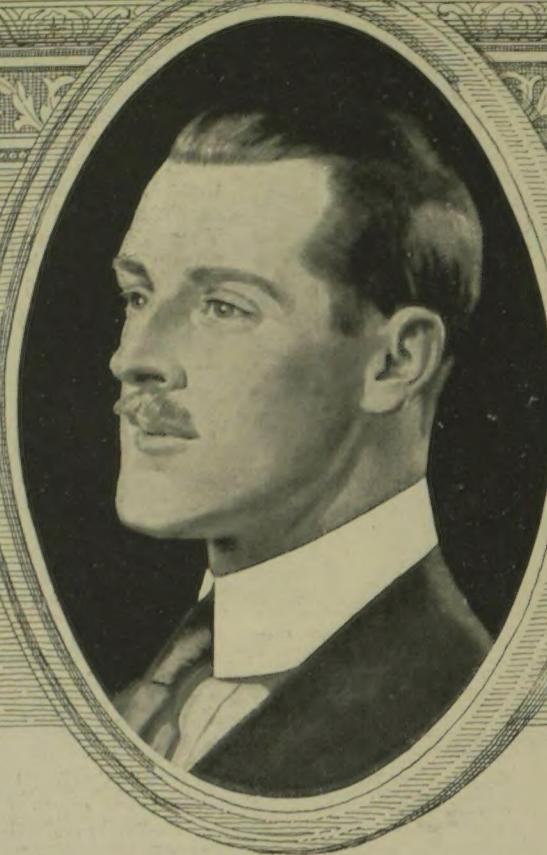
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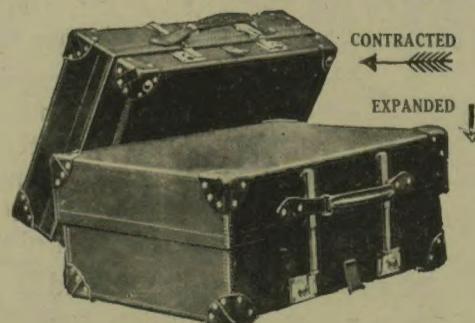
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1924.

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NORMAL AND IN STRIKE-TIME: LONDON BRIDGE BEFORE THE TRAM AND BUS MEN WENT OUT (ABOVE)
AND AFTER—A MARKED CONTRAST.

The proportion which is represented by the motor-omnibus in the volume of London street traffic is well illustrated by the contrast between these two photographs of London Bridge. The upper one, taken before the tram and

bus strike began, shows the normal state of congestion on the bridge. The lower one, taken during the strike, shows the bridge with the vehicular traffic reduced to a few taxis and bicycles, with an increased army of pedestrians.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

IT is obvious that a thing can always be new if it is sufficiently old; that is, that it may seem to be fresh so long as it is stale enough to be forgotten. In several modern experiments in art, especially in dramatic art, I have noticed this fact of late—the fact that what we call novelties might be called rather neglected antiquities. There were rumours of a new kind of drama, in Russia and elsewhere, in which the whole scene was conceived as taking place inside a man's mind; a theatre for thoughts, rather than things. The characters were ideas, such as will or memory or what not. Some scoffed at it as mad; and of course it is only too easy to scoff at anything as mad. Some admired it as new; and it is only too easy to admire anything as new. But nobody seemed to notice that, good or bad, it is a return to an older and more religious kind of drama, and a reaction against a more recent and realistic kind. It is the sort of mediæval play that was called a Morality. It is full of that passionate appetite for abstractions that marked the Middle Ages. They would put two deadly sins like Pride and Jealousy on one side of the stage, and two virtues like Love and Pity on the other side, and let them contend, to represent the war in the soul of man. Then when mediævalism gave way to the realism and rationalism of the Renaissance, people said, "We are tired of these allegories; we wish to see pride and jealousy fighting with love and pity in a real live complex organism called Othello." In other words, they first took Othello to pieces and exhibited his qualities separate; then they put Othello together again and represented him as a real man; and now they have taken him to pieces again and represent him as a series of separate qualities. It makes no difference that the modern Morality has not the same moral. It makes no difference that it has, in some cases, a much more obscure and inconclusive moral. It makes no difference that we think that the Morality should rather be called an Immorality. Precisely what these people profess to offer is an entirely new technique; and it is the technique that is five hundred years old.

I heard of a much queerer case the other day. The case is queer because the convention that is revived was much more recently rejected; that is, the old thing seems really hardly old enough to be new just yet. Somebody told me that a new psychological drama was being produced at the Stage Society, in which the dialogue represented not merely the spoken words, but the unspoken thoughts of the characters. They poured out all that really passed in their minds, as if the others were not present, or as if they were in the Palace of Truth. I understand that somebody called it the Expressionist School of Drama. This amuses me, because I should have called it the very stalest tradition of the very stalest school of melodrama. It involves the very things that the realists in my youth were sweeping from the stage as the last tawdry rags and tinsel of the old artificial theatre. It means simply a return to the soliloquy and to the aside. The realists of my youth jeered at the hero for making a long and florid speech about the heroine, which was addressed only to heaven, himself, or the audience. They jeered at the villain for saying, "A time will come," in an aside that was inaudible to the people on the stage, but heard distinctly by the people in the gallery. They objected because people do not really say such things, and a realistic drama ought

only to represent what they really say. But it would seem that the Adelphi hero and the transpontine villain were the forerunners of futurist and advanced art. Yet they were derided as old-fashioned for going only a few steps along the path of progress. The most courageous hero had not the moral courage to soliloquise all the time. The most hardened villain did not venture to tell us all his thoughts and feelings. But he began the great innovation; he told us some of his thoughts; and it would seem that the world soon thought it had had enough of them.

But of course this business of the soliloquy goes far beyond mere melodrama; it involves some

the Ibsen period really was very like the villain of the Adelphi melodrama. The Ibsenite also was always saying: "A time will come." Most of Mr. Bernard Shaw's earlier plays and prefaces have a continual chorus of "A time will come." They were always saying that a time will come which will produce a real realistic drama, that shall be like our daily life, with men speaking as they do speak, and acting as they do act. The time has come; and it has produced the very opposite.

A convention is a form of freedom. That is the reality that the realists cannot get into their heads. A dramatic convention is not a constraint on the dramatist; it is a permission to the dramatist. It is a permit allowing him to depart from the routine of external reality, in order to express a more internal and intimate reality. Just as a legal fiction has often been the defence of political liberty, so a dramatic fiction is the defence of imaginative liberty. For instance, it is by a convention that the hero of a tragedy talks in blank verse. But the convention does not consist in saying to Mr. William Shakespeare, "You must and shall write a decasyllabic line properly scanned; and we will count the syllables to see you do." It consists in saying to Mr. William Shakespeare, "You are hereby allowed to make the speeches of Macbeth move to a certain measure and music, which they would not have in real life, if that will give you a greater scope to express the real emotions." If Shakespeare were under the limitations of realism, he would be forced to make Macbeth express his depressions or despair by saying, "Blast it all!" or "What a bore!" And these ejaculations do not express it; that is part of the bore. But as Shakespeare has the liberty of a literary convention, he can make Macbeth say something that nobody in real life would say, but something that does express what somebody in real life would feel. It expresses such things as music expresses them; though nobody in those circumstances would recite that particular poem, any more than he would begin suddenly to play on the violin. But what the audience wants is the emotion expressed; and poetry can express it and commonplace conversation cannot. Nothing but the convention of blank verse will leave you at liberty to say: "Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing"; or "All our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death." It is only an artificial metre that can give the soul so much liberty as that. The realist is reduced to inarticulate grunts and half-apologetic oaths, like an apoplectic major in a club.

It is another matter, of course, whether the new unconventional conventions express as much truth as the old poetical conventions. But at least it is quite obvious that the unconventional have come back to conventions. It is a theatrical fiction of the most glaring and even ghastly kind to suppose that one of the characters is speaking, and none of the others are listening. It is a far more fictitious fiction than that of allowing his voice to move in a more or less natural rhythm of verse. It is more startling than the stalest jokes of the theatre of Mr. Crummles; than the old provincial drama in which a man was completely hidden behind a post or completely disguised in a hat. But, anyhow, the reign of realism is over; even if we have to pass through unreality to get back to the real.

To all who are interested in OUR ANAGLYPHS.

IN this issue we publish further ANAGLYPHS—pictures to be viewed in Stereoscopic Relief—akin to those which created so much interest in our issue of March 8. It will be remembered that on that occasion we gave with each copy of the issue an envelope containing the red and green films through which the Anaglyphs must be looked at if the appearance of relief is to be obtained.

Owing to Post Office restrictions, we are no longer able to insert these red and green films in the body of the paper. We have decided, therefore, that every reader who has damaged or mislaid the films given away in our issue of March 8 shall be supplied, free of charge, with one Anaglyph Viewing-Mask complete with the red and green films, ready for use, on filling in the Coupon printed on page IV. of this issue, and forwarding it—accompanied by postage stamps to the value of three-halfpence (Inland), or twopence-halfpenny (Foreign)—to "The Illustrated London News" (Anaglyph), 15, Essex Street, Strand, London, W.C. 2.

We call attention here to the fact that the red and green spectacles given to audiences for seeing "The Shadowgraph" illusion in "London Calling," at the Duke of York's Theatre, are suitable for viewing our Anaglyphs, if the spectacles are reversed, so that the left eye looks through the red film and the right eye through the green film.

of the greatest dramas the world has known. Yet the same objections were raised against the Shakespearean soliloquy in the days of the Shavian criticism. It is obvious that there has been another reversal and reversion; that the drama has first become more realistic, and then become less realistic. And in the clash of these two contradictory innovations, it would seem possible that we might return to the rudiments of commonsense. It seems clear that the critics were quite wrong in their attack on the Elizabethan drama; and chose the wrong ground even for their attack on the modern melodrama. If there was any objection to the villain saying, "A time will come," it was not in the least that a man would not say it; it was either that the villain did not think it or, more probably, that the dramatist did not think it. The dramatist did not think what he was saying, or what he was making the villain say. But, as a matter of fact, the critic was quite as thoughtless as the dramatist. He repeated the tag about realism exactly as the villain repeated the tag about revenge. Indeed, the realistic critic of

"ORPSIE BOY": A SELF-PORTRAIT BY A FAMOUS PAINTER.

PHOTOGRAPH SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS." (COPYRIGHT OF PICTURE RESERVED.)

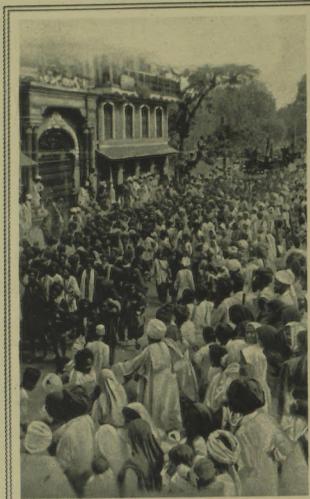


ONE of the most interesting pictures at the new Exhibition at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours is this portrait of himself by Sir William Orpen, R.A., with its fine draughtsmanship and characterisation and its genially intimate inscription. Discussing it the other day, Sir William said: "'Orpsie Boy' is merely a name my friends have for me. I've been known as 'Orpsie Boy' for quite a century or two now." He mentioned that he had drawn it sitting in front of a looking-glass, and that it is the tenth self-portrait he has done, but the first in water-colours, the other nine being in oils. They are scattered about in various public galleries and private collections. "One," he said, "entitled 'Leading the Life in the

West'—in the days when I was young—is in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. Another, depicting myself as a jockey, is in the National Gallery at Stockholm. One shows me as a sportsman in Ireland, and another depicts an attempt to look romantic in eighteenth-century fancy dress." Of the above portrait he added: "I see nothing in the experiment to justify the chaff of some of the critics, who describe it as Bolshevik." Sir William Orpen, it may be recalled, is not only a great painter, but has written of his experiences as a war artist in his well-known book, "An Onlooker in France." In 1918 he held a great exhibition of war pictures, many of which he presented to the nation.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: A PICTORIAL BUDGET OF CURRENT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BASHESHAR NATH CHOPRA (LAHORE), MARIO TORSELLA (TRIESTE), I.B.



SIKH RELIGIOUS FERVOUR AT AMRITSAR: THE SECOND JATHA ("MARTYR BAND") OF 500 AKALIS IN MOURNING DRESS LEAVING FOR JAITO IN PROCESSION



THE ANNEXATION OF FIUME TO THE KINGDOM OF ITALY: GENERAL GIARDINO MAKING A PROCLAMATION IN THE PRESENCE OF KING VICTOR ON THE BALCONY OF THE GOVERNOR'S PALACE.



NOT TO BE RACED THIS YEAR, OWING TO LACK OF OPPONENT: THE KING'S YACHT "BRITANNIA," WITH HIS MAJESTY ON BOARD.



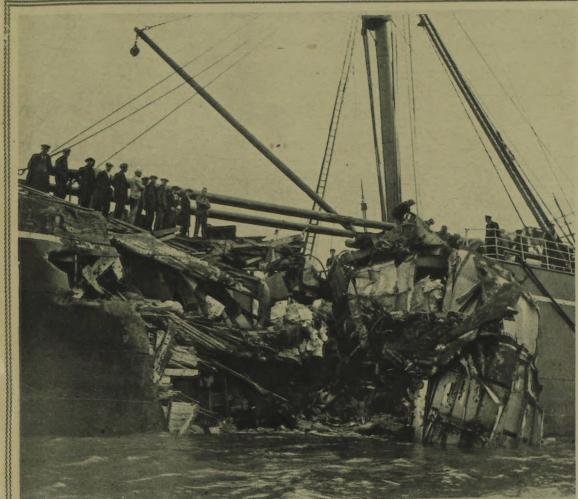
THE 'VARSITY GOLF MATCH': MR. E. F. STOREY (LEFT) THE CAMBRIDGE CAPTAIN.



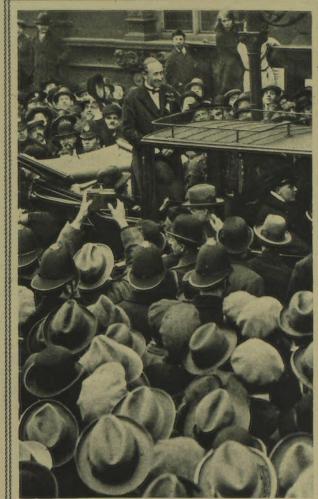
MADE FOR PRINCE HENRY FOR USE IN POINT-TO-POINT RACES: (LEFT) FITTING A SILK CAP ON A SHELLAC AND LINEN LINING; (RIGHT) THE FINISHED CAP.

NEWS—NOTABLE EVENTS RECORDED BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

CENTRAL PRESS, WENT, SPORT AND GENERAL, PHOTOPRESS, AND D. MACDONALD (SHANGAI).



WHERE EIGHT MEN WERE KILLED IN THEIR BUNKS: THE HUGE GAP MADE IN THE SIDE OF THE S.S. "MATATUA" BY THE BOW OF THE "AMERICAN MERCHANT" IN THE THAMES COLLISION.



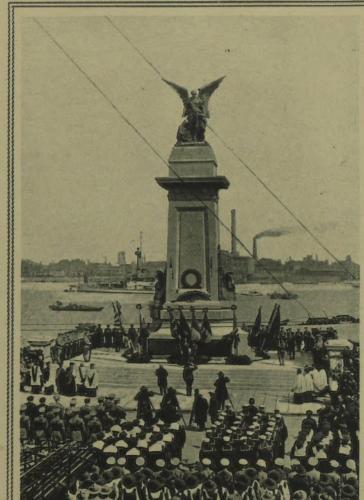
THE DRAMATIC FINISH TO THE ABBEY ELECTION: MR. OTHO NICHOLSON, M.P., AFTER THE POLL, CONGRATULATES WESTMINSTER ON REMAINING "TRUE BLUE."



RACES: A NEW "CRASH HELMET" JOCKEY CAP—LINEN LINING; (RIGHT) THE FINISHED CAP.



THE 'VARSITY GOLF MATCH': MR. J. A. MACKINTOSH (BALLIO), OXFORD CAPTAIN.



UNVEILED BY THE ITALIAN CONSUL-GENERAL (SEEN STANDING AT THE BASE): THE WAR MEMORIAL AT SHANGAI.

The first photograph shows a sequel to the disturbance at Jaito, in the Punjab, on February 21 (illustrated in our last issue), when it was found necessary to fire on a mob of 6000 armed Akalis accompanying a "jatha" (band) of 500 pilgrims. Our correspondent, describing the above photograph, writes: "The tragical news of casualties in Jaito aroused excitement among huge crowds of Sikhs assembled in Amritsar on February 28, to watch the departure of the second 'shandhi jatha' (martyr band). Like the first, it was composed of 500 Akalis in mourning dress. . . . This 'jatha' will reach Jaito on March 14. . . . The King of Italy visited Fiume on March 16 for the celebrations on the occasion of the annexation of the city to Italy. He received a great welcome. . . . The Shaw Savill Company's cargo boat "Matatua" (6518 tons), outward bound for New Zealand, was rammed in the Thames off Canvey Island, in the

early morning of March 24, by the incoming United States liner, "American Merchant" (7500 tons). Eight members of the crew were killed in the forecastle of the "Matatua," and many others injured. After his election for the Abbey Division by a very small majority over Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Otho Nicholson (Conservative) said Westminster was always "true blue," and "true blue" it had remained. The King has decided not to race his yacht "Britannia" this year, and there will be no events for big boats. The forty-first Oxford and Cambridge golf match began at Hoylake on March 25. A jockey cap of the "crash helmet" type has been made for Prince Henry by Messrs. White, to wear in point-to-point races. The use of such caps for steeplechase riders was suggested and illustrated in our issue of March 8. The Shanghai War Memorial was unveiled on February 16 by Comm. G. de Rossi, Italian Consul-General.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

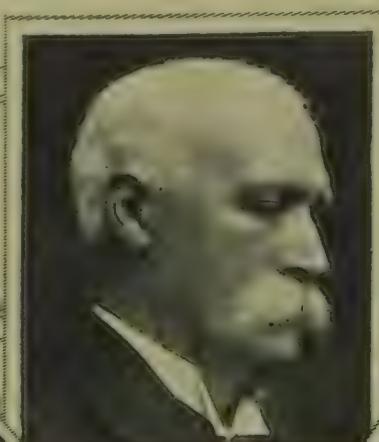
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARRATT, ELLIOTT AND FREY, RUSSELL, VANDYK, MANUEL, T. AND R. ANNAN, LAFAYETTE, SALISBURY, AND BEE BELTON.



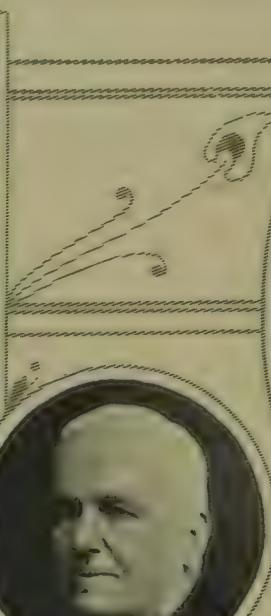
HERO OF VERDUN: THE LATE GENERAL NIVELLE.



AT THE CHANCERY BAR FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS: THE LATE MR. JOHN CUTLER, K.C.



A GREAT PIONEER IN SURGERY: THE LATE SIR WILLIAM MACEWEN.



A WELL-KNOWN ANTIQUARY: THE LATE CANON J. T. FOWLER.



LIKELY TO BE DEPOSED: SULTAN AHMED SHAH, SHAH OF PERSIA.



THE BRITISH WORLD FLIGHT: SQUADRON - LEADER A. STUART MACLAREN, D.F.C., NAVIGATOR.



MEMBER OF THE TRAM STRIKE COURT OF INQUIRY: MR. ARTHUR PUGH.



MEMBER OF THE TRAM STRIKE COURT OF INQUIRY: MR. G. W. PATON.



GENERAL MANAGER OF THE L.C.C. TRAMWAYS: MR. A. L. C. FELL, C.B.E.



NEW A.D.C.-GENERAL TO THE KING: GEN. SIR W. CONGREVE, V.C.



CHAIRMAN OF THE TRAM STRIKE COURT OF INQUIRY: SIR ARTHUR COLEFAX, K.C.



CHAIRMAN OF THE UNDERGROUND AND OMNIBUS COMBINE: LORD ASHFIELD.



NEW COMMANDING OFFICER OF THE IRISH GUARDS: COL. W. H. V. DARELL, C.M.G., D.S.O.



A VETERAN TECHNICAL JOURNALIST: THE LATE DR. W. H. MAW.



HON. M.A.: MISS LILIAN BAYLIS, MANAGER OF THE "OLD VIC."



THE NEW CITY SOLICITOR: MR. ANTHONY F. I. PICKFORD.



HEAD OF A FAMOUS FIRM: THE LATE SIR JAMES RECKITT, B.T.

General Nivelle, who died on March 23, did his finest work at Verdun. He succeeded Joffre in command of the French front, in 1916. He was broken by the failure of the great offensive in 1917.—Sir William Macewen, of Glasgow, was a pioneer in surgery, especially of the brain; introduced the famous operation for the cure of knock-knee, and made revolutionising research into the acute infective inflammation of bone.—The young Shah of Persia, who is likely to be deposed, took the place of his father when that monarch was deposed in 1909.—Mr. John Cutler was best known in patent and trade-mark cases. He also wrote plays.—Canon Fowler was an expert in North-Country archaeology. He was Vice-Principal at Bishop Hatfield's Hall, Durham, for many years.—Squadron-Leader A. Stuart MacLaren left Calshot Aerodrome, Southampton, on March 25, for a flight round the world in a Vickers Vulture

Amphibian.—Mr. Pugh is Secretary of the Iron and Steel Trades Federation.—Mr. Paton is Managing Director of Messrs. Bryant and May's.—Sir Arthur Colefax is an authority on patent and trade-mark law.—Lord Ashfield is the chairman of that great combine which includes the underground railways, omnibuses, and three tramway undertakings.—Dr. Maw joined "Engineering" when it was founded in 1866; later became part-proprietor of it. He also practised as a consulting engineer.—It was announced the other day that it had been decided to confer the Honorary Degree of M.A. of Oxford University on Miss Lilian Baylis, Manager of the "Old Vic."—The new City of London Solicitor, who is 38, is Deputy Town Clerk and Chief Assistant Solicitor of the City of Manchester.—Sir James Reckitt entered his father's blue and starch-making business in 1840. He gave much for philanthropic objects.

GIRDING THE EARTH BY AMPHIBIAN: A BRITISH WORLD FLIGHT.

MAP AND PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 2, 3, AND 4, COPYRIGHT BY THE "TIMES"; NO. 5 BY PHOTO PRESS BUREAU AERONAUTIQUE ITALIENNE.



2. WITH THE "LION" ENGINE USED AT THE START: THE THREE MEMBERS OF THE EXPEDITION.

1. THE ROUTE FOR THE FIRST EASTWARD ROUND-THE-WORLD FLIGHT, WHICH BEGAN AT CALSHOT, NEAR SOUTHAMPTON, ON MARCH 25, AND IS TIMED TO END IN LONDON ON JUNE 28.



3. ABLE TO LAND ON GROUND OR WATER: THE VICKERS VULTURE MACHINE IN WHICH THE WORLD FLIGHT BEGAN, THE LATEST TYPE OF VIKING AMPHIBIAN.



4. THE CREW: (L. TO R.) FLYING-OFFICER PLENDERLEITH, SQUADRON-LEADER MACLAREN, SERGT. ANDREWS.



5. TYPICAL OF THE VIEWS WHICH THE AIRMEN WILL OBTAIN WHEN FLYING OVER DESERT COUNTRY, AS ON THE AIR-MAIL ROUTE BETWEEN CAIRO AND BAGHDAD, AND THENCE TO BUSHIRE, AND ALONG THE SHORE OF THE PERSIAN GULF: "WAVES" OF SAND PHOTOGRAPHED FROM AN ITALIAN MACHINE FLYING OVER DESERT IN MOROCCO.

A great adventure began on March 25, when a British aeroplane started from Calshot Aerodrome, Southampton, for a flight round the world of some 23,254 miles, timed to be covered in about 293 flying hours, and to end in London on June 28. The expedition is in charge of Squadron-Leader A. Stuart MacLaren, navigator and organiser, with Flying-Officer W. N. Plenderleith as pilot, and Sergeant R. Andrews as mechanic. All three served with the Air Force in the war. The first section of the flight, the now accepted route to India, was first flown by Squadron-Leader MacLaren himself in 1918. The most difficult portion will probably be the Transpacific section of some 5600 miles from Tokio by the Kurile and Aleutian Islands to Alaska; and the most dangerous, perhaps, the

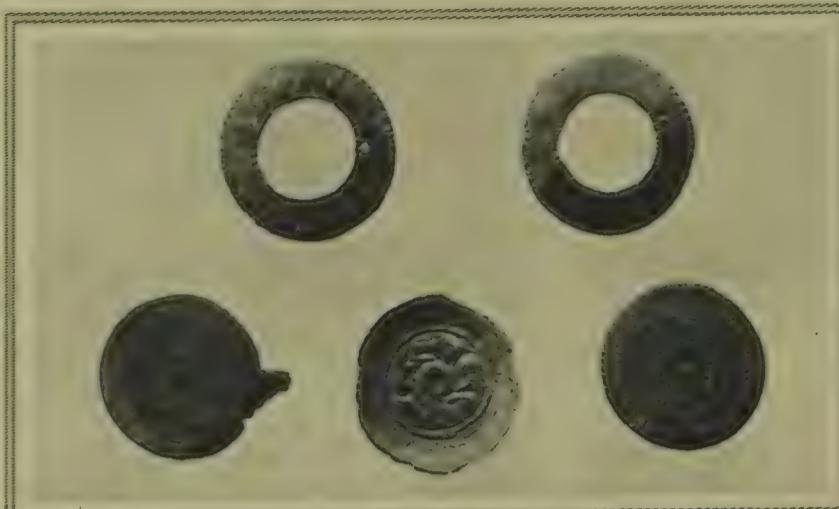
final long flight across the Atlantic *via* the Azores. The materials for the flight have been provided by three firms, the machines by Messrs. Vickers, the engines by Messrs. D. Napier and Son, and the petrol by the Asiatic Petroleum Company, which has provided stocks at every place of call round the world. The use of an amphibian machine, with a land-carriage that can be drawn above the keel, so as to land on water as well as ground, is an innovation for long-distance flights. On the Japan-Vancouver section the land-carriage will be discarded, and Lieut.-Colonel L. E. Broome, who knows those regions, will join the party. They are flying eastward—the opposite direction to the American world-flight expedition which recently started in three U.S. Army machines.

THE "RUDE FOREFATHERS" IDEA DISPELLED: SAXON ART AT BIDFORD.

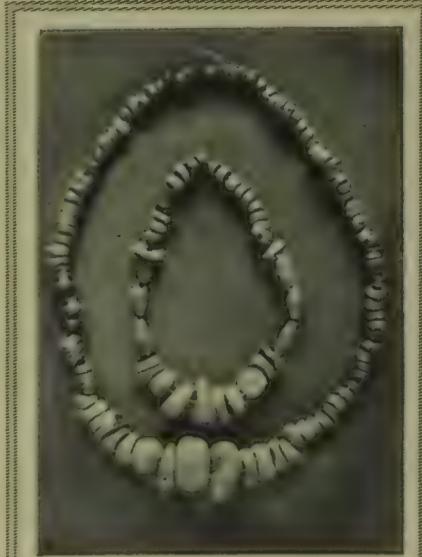
PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF MR. JOHN HUMPHREYS, F.S.A., PRESIDENT OF THE BIRMINGHAM ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.



WITH BRONZE PLATES AND BOSS HIGHLY GILDED: AN IRON UMBRO FOR THE PROTECTION OF A SHIELD—A UNIQUE EXAMPLE.



"TYPICAL OF PRE-CHRISTIAN ANGLO-SAXON ART": SAUCER-SHAPED BRONZE BROOCHES, HEAVILY GILDED, WITH BEAUTIFUL DESIGNS INDICATING A WEST SAXON ORIGIN.



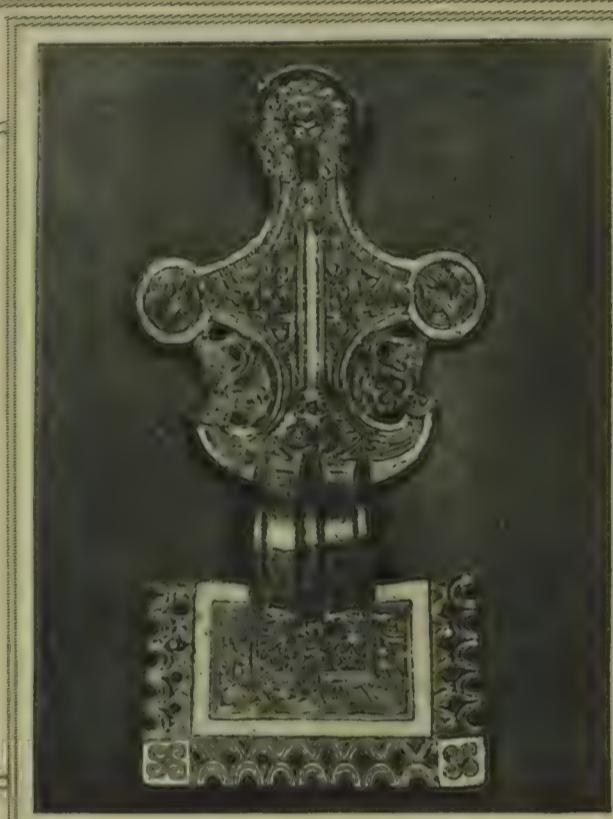
AS FOUND WITH NEARLY EVERY WOMAN BURIED IN THE CEMETERY: NECKLACES OF AMBER AND GLASS BEADS.



"EVIDENTLY OF EASTERN ORIGIN": TWO PERFECT LARGE BROOCHES WITH A SWASTIKA PATTERN.



URN BURIAL PRACTISED AS WELL AS INHUMATION: A CINERARY URN OF POTTERY (9 IN. HIGH).



"A UNIQUE EXAMPLE OF THE ART OF A PEOPLE ONCE REGARDED AS PRIMITIVE": A SQUARE-HEADED HIGHLY GILT BRONZE BROOCH (5½ IN. LONG) BRIGHT AS WHEN BURIED.



DATED ABOUT 500 A.D.: SQUARE-HEADED AND TREFOIL-HEADED BRONZE BROOCHES BURIED WITH SAXON WOMEN.



"IN PRACTICALLY PERFECT CONDITION": A VERY FINE GLOBULAR BRONZE BOWL (NEARLY 9 IN. HIGH).



WEAPONS USED BY SAXON INVADERS OF BRITAIN AND FOUND BURIED WITH THEM AT BIDFORD-ON-AVON: IRON SPEAR AND LANCE HEADS, AND LONG KNIVES OR DAGGERS.



BURIED, ACCORDING TO CUSTOM, WITH A FOOD-POT ON HER RIGHT, BEAD NECKLACE, AND A ROUND GILT BRONZE BROOCH ON EACH BREAST: A WOMAN'S SKELETON AT BIDFORD.

New light on the Saxon invaders of Britain, in the little-known period between the Roman evacuation in 410 A.D. and the coming of St. Augustine in 597, has been thrown by the remarkably interesting discoveries in the Saxon burial-ground at Bidford-on-Avon, Warwickshire. Describing the discoveries at a recent meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, Mr. John Humphreys, F.S.A., President of the Birmingham Archaeological Society, who had conducted the excavations at Bidford, said: "In this ground 214 burials are recorded. . . . The men were buried with their spears, lances, and long knives or daggers lying by their sides, and on the left breast was an iron umbo which originally protected the shield. With

the woman was generally found her jewellery, bronze brooches, beautiful necklaces, and a food-pot on her right hand with a small food-knife. . . . The bronze brooches, many of great size, were typical of pre-Christian Anglo-Saxon art. . . . One glorious, massive square-headed brooch is a unique example of the art of this people, whom we have regarded as primitive. It is 5½ in. long, and ornamented with a maze of wonderful zoomorphic designs, highly gilded, and is as bright and perfect as on the day it was buried 1400 years ago. . . . Several large bowls were discovered . . . three resembling the 'mead cup' of Beowulf. . . . The date of the cemetery was probably from A.D. 500 to 560."

NEW TROUBLE IN IRELAND: "MUTINY"; AN ANTI-BRITISH OUTRAGE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS, C.N., I.B., SPORT AND GENERAL, AND L.N.A.



ONE OF THE TWO HIGH OFFICERS OF THE FREE STATE ARMY CHARGED WITH MUTINY: COLONEL CHARLES DALTON.



RAIDED BY FREE STATE TROOPS WHO CAPTURED TEN "MUTINEER" OFFICERS: DEVLIN'S PUBLIC HOUSE IN PARNELL STREET, DUBLIN.



CHARGED WITH MUTINY: MAJOR-GENERAL LIAM TOBIN, MILITARY ADVISER AND SENIOR A.D.C. TO THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF THE FREE STATE.



WHERE MACHINE-GUN FIRE WAS OPENED FROM A MOTOR-CAR (FROM A POINT ON EXTREME RIGHT IN FOREGROUND) ON BRITISH SOLDIERS JUST LANDED AT QUEENSTOWN FROM SPIKE ISLAND, KILLING ONE AND WOUNDING 20, BESIDES 2 GIRLS AND ANOTHER CIVILIAN: THE SCENE OF A "COWARDLY CRIME," FOR THE CAPTURE OF WHOSE PERPETRATORS THE FREE STATE GOVERNMENT OFFERED £10,000 REWARD.



FIRED AT BY THE MOTOR MACHINE-GUNNERS FROM THE ROAD SEEN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH: H.M.S. DESTROYER "SCYTHE" (IN BACKGROUND), CHOSEN TO BRING THE BODY OF PRIVATE ASPINALL, THE MURDERED SOLDIER, TO ENGLAND.



IRISH ARMY RESIGNATIONS: (L. TO R.) GEN. O'MUIRTHILE, Q.M.G.; GEN. MULCAHY, MINISTER OF DEFENCE; GEN. MACMAHON, CHIEF OF STAFF; AND GEN. O'SULLIVAN, ADJUTANT-GENERAL.

The fact that Major-General Liam Tobin (one of the two Irish Free State Army officers whose arrest on a charge of mutiny was ordered by the Government) denounced the Queenstown outrage as "a cowardly crime" (words also used by President Cosgrave) indicated that the "mutineers" were not concerned in it. On the evening of March 21 a party of British soldiers on leave from Spike Island, Queenstown, had just landed on the pier shown above when they were swept by machine-gun fire from a large yellow motor-car containing four men dressed in the uniform of Irish Army officers. One British soldier, Private Aspinall, was killed on the spot, 20 others were wounded (8 very seriously), and two young girls named Lloyd and another civilian were also wounded. As the

miscreants drove off, they fired at H.M.S. "Scythe," but no casualties were reported on board.—On March 8 the Government ordered the arrest of General Tobin and Colonel Dalton in consequence of their letter to President Cosgrave accusing the Government of mis-interpreting the Anglo-Irish Treaty. About the same time several officers absconded with arms and ammunition. Dissensions as to the treatment of the "mutineers" subsequently arose between the Army authorities and the Government, which considered that there were genuine grievances as to Army administration. The Army raid on Devlin's public house on March 18 was denounced by the Government as unauthorised. General Mulcahy, Minister of Defence, resigned, and the other Generals shown above were required to resign.

THE WEMBLEY "RODEO":

THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL COWBOY CHAMPIONSHIP MEETING.

A NEW form of sport is going to be introduced into England this summer, when the International Rodeo—or Championship Cowboy Contest—is staged at the Imperial Stadium. To horse lovers, the appeal of the rodeo will be instantaneous, because the events which it includes provide tests in horsemanship and daring that only real riders can survive. Yet one need not understand all the fine points of the game to enjoy a rodeo, for there is enough colour, vivid background, and thrills during the course of a single day's contest to satisfy even the most *blasé*.

To visualise a rodeo—pronounced “ro-day-o,” if you please—requires the brush of a Frederick Remington plus the swift imagery of a motion-picture camera. To the average spectator, the contest events resolve themselves into a series of flashing Western pictures. “Close-ups” filled with the long, lithe limbs of cowboys clad in shaggy “chaps,” sombreros tipped over lean tanned faces, high-heeled boots and dragging spurs, wild steers dashing madly from the lariat, squealing horses pitching and lunging in desperate efforts to unseat their riders—colour and action raised to the *n*th power, but without rehearsal! A rodeo is no staged affair; it is the real thing.

The contestants are not on a pay roll. They pay entrance fees, and also their own travelling and living expenses when they enter a contest. Their only chance of making anything is to win some of the prize money offered.

Here in London this year the biggest purses ever offered for rodeo events have been put up. The cash prizes alone amount to £20,000. In addition, there will be championship trophies worth thousands of pounds more to be competed for; but what is even more important from the standpoint of the cowboy, who is at heart a real sportsman, is the international titles which will go to the winners of the various events. The average “hand” would rather take one of these titles back to his ranch than the cash itself.

So much interest and enthusiasm has been already stirred up in Canada and America over the announcements of the International Rodeo, that more than 200 of the top “hands” from the ranches over there have signified their intention to compete here. A special ship is being chartered to bring them to London late in May. With them will come their own horses and also the bronks and wild horses that are to be used in the bronk-riding events, and the wild steers that will be used in the steer-rope and bulldogging contests. Altogether more than 500 head of cattle will be used.

The horses used in a rodeo are of two classes: the friendly and the hostile. Some of the best-trained horses in the world are the property and aids of the riders competing in the trick and fancy riding and in the roping contests, as well as in the relay races. For the cowboy depends upon his mount for instant intelligent assistance in roping other animals, whether beef or wild horses. These same “cow ponies” are trained to co-ordinate their movements with the riders competing in the trick riding, where the rewards depend upon the difficulty, novelty, and gracefulness of the rider.

The assistance of the horse, perfectly timed, is also necessary for the success of the contestants in the steer wrestling, or bulldogging events. In these events, the rider, after pursuing a running steer until within leaping distance, throws himself from the saddle to the neck of the animal, and, by applying scientific wrestling holds, topples the steer to its side. A mis-step by the horse might mean serious consequences to the rider at the critical moment.

The hostile horses used at rodeos are the “outlaw bronks” and the wild horses. The “outlaws” are

used in the bucking contests, which bring out the highest riding qualities of the contestant. The bucking horse wears no bridle, only a halter and one rein, which the rider must hold clear of the animal's neck while using his other hand to fan the horse with his hat. The rider must also keep his feet moving forward and backward. Opposed to this the bucking horse can do anything he wants to do—“pitch,” “sun-fish,” “fence-post,” or fall backward on his rider. The “outlaws” are horses with records as

they are also unbridled, the skill of the rider in keeping his wild horse going toward the finishing line has got to be extraordinary.

Charles B. Cochran is responsible for giving London the distinction of holding the first International Rodeo. When in New York two years ago, Mr. Cochran attended the first rodeo staged in the American metropolis. He began negotiations at once with Tex Austin, who was managing and directing the New York contests, to see if it would be feasible to hold a rodeo of international proportions in London during the British Empire Exhibition. For more than a year both he and Mr. Austin studied the situation with the idea of finding out if it would be possible to get contestants from all cattle-raising countries. This year, with contestants assured from Canada, America, Australia, and the Argentine, it was decided to go ahead and stage the big international contest. It will open on June 14, and continue for two weeks. It promises to be the outstanding sporting feature of the British Empire Exhibition.

Tex Austin, who will direct the International Rodeo, is known in the cowboy world as a “square shooter.” He has directed the four biggest rodeos ever held, and in Canada and the States, where he is a national figure, he has the complete confidence of the cowboys and the public. Cowboy, soldier of fortune, rancher, he has followed the call of adventure all over the Western world.

Tex was born and raised on a cow ranch in West Texas, and in his ‘teens moved to New Mexico. He had qualities that made him a leader among cowboys. He punched cattle on the great ranges of Don Louis Terrazas, the Mexican cattle king.

When Madero launched the successful revolution against President Diaz, the big Texan joined the liberator's foreign legion, and, with other American cowboys, participated in the warfare which overthrew Diaz.

Returning to his own country, Tex bought the Forked Lightning Ranch near Las Vegas, New Mexico. Having taken part in a great many riding and roping contests, he decided to hold some cowboy contests of his own, and soon built up a reputation for giving both the public and the contestants a square deal.

He introduced the rodeo into New York in 1922, giving the inhabitants of that *blasé* metropolis their first “close-up” of a sport that contains an average of sixty thrills per minute.

New York rubbed its eyes, gasped, and then tossed the key of the city to the cowboys. It is expected that London will follow suit.

It is interesting to trace the steps by which the rodeo on a large scale, as held in New York and now to be held in London, has developed from comparatively small and improvised beginnings. Many years ago it would often happen that several cattle “outfits” in the Western States would ride the same trail in the annual round-up of cattle on the ranges, and in camp of an evening argument would arise as to which “outfit” possessed the best riders and ropers and the most vicious “bronks” and wild horses.

It was a natural proceeding to settle such disputes by a practical trial; one “outfit” would challenge the rest; and the contest would only take place when they reached a town and the cattle were shipped. These little impromptu affairs gradually grew into great events, such as the Frontier Day Contest at Cheyenne, Wyoming, and the Round-up at Pendleton, Oregon. Thus the rodeo became recognised as the principal sport of the American West.



“EATING GRAVEL” IN A COWGIRLS’ BRONC-RIDING CONTEST: RUTH WHEAT, OF BOZEMAN, MONTANA, BEING THROWN FROM PINTO PETE, A BUCKING BRONC.—[Photograph by Tex Austin.]

incorrigible buckers—in other words, horses that no man has ever been able to break.

The wild horses may be buckers or not. That



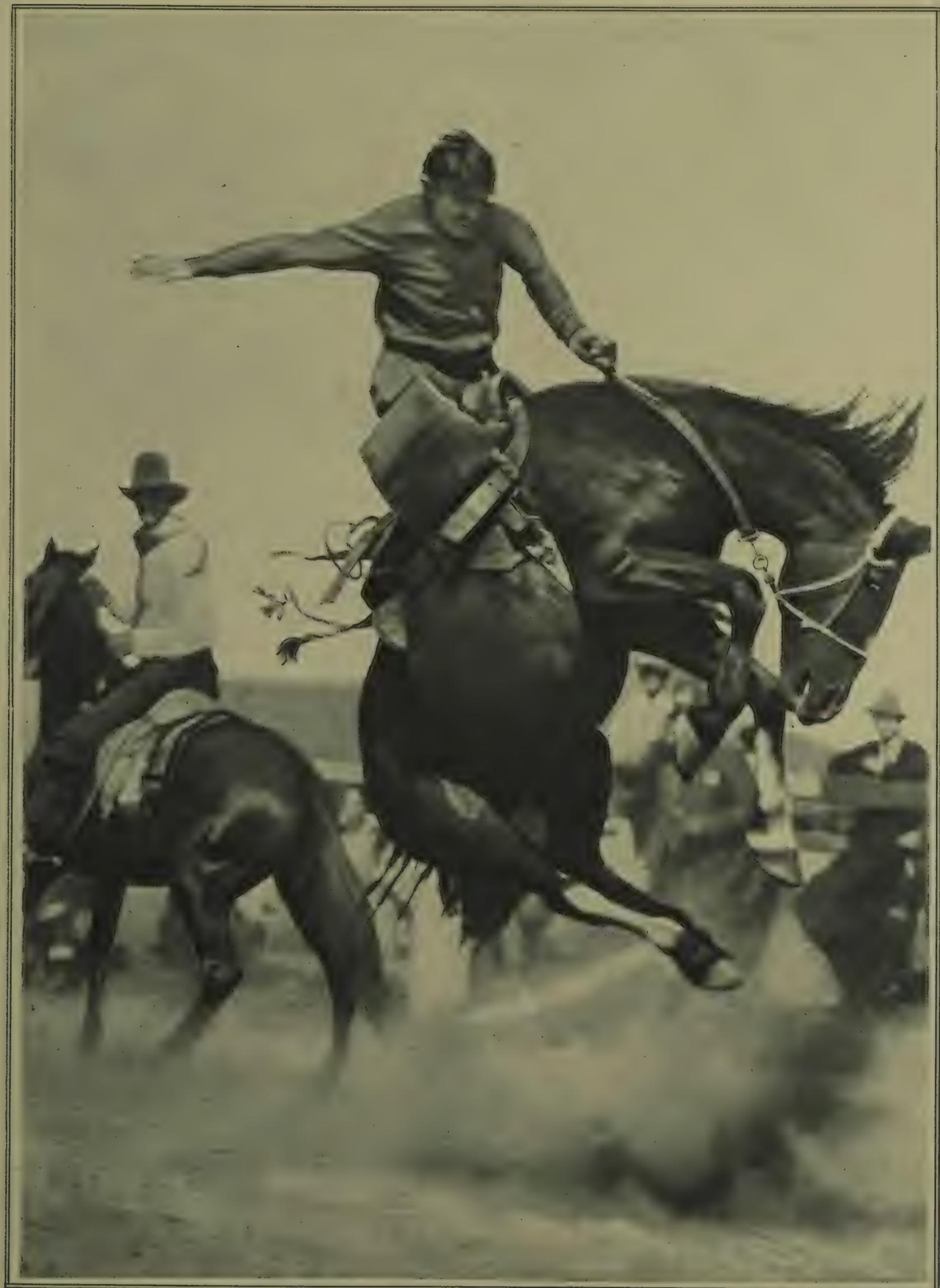
THE WORLD’S CHAMPION COWGIRL TRICK RIDER: MABEL STRICKLAND, OF FORT WORTH, TEXAS, IN AN AMAZING DISPLAY OF GRACE AND SKILL.

Photograph by Tex Austin.

develops after the contest begins. They are horses that have never known a saddle or a rider, but are mounted for the first time in these contests. As

TO BE SEEN AT WEMBLEY: A "SIXTY-THRILLS-A-MINUTE" SPORT.

PHOTOGRAPH BY TEX AUSTIN.



BRONK-RIDING, THE ACME OF HORSEMANSHIP, AS IT WILL BE SEEN IN THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL RODEO,
AT THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION: SOAPY WILLIAMS ON COX.

One of the most thrilling contests in the Rodeo to be held at Wembley in June, as described in our article on page 540, is that of bronk-riding. A "bronk" is short for *broncho*, a Mexican word for a vicious, unbroken horse. The animals used in the contest are either "outlaw bronks," incorrigible buckers which no man has ever been able to break in; or wild horses never before saddled or mounted which may or may not prove to be buckers.

Strict rules govern the rider, who is only allowed a halter with one rein and a regulation saddle. He must not touch the saddle with his hands, or cling to the mane, or beat the horse with a whip. He must keep one hand in the air and keep his feet moving to show he is not holding with his spurs. He has to anticipate the animal's every jump and balance accordingly. Horsemanship of the highest class and reckless daring are needed.

THE COWBOY'S "OLYMPIC GAMES": THRILLS TO BE SEEN

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TYPICAL OF THE BRONK-RIDING CONTESTS TO TAKE PLACE AT THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION: BRYAN ROACH, OF FORT WORTH, TEXAS, RIDING TAR BABY.



HORSEMANSHIP EXTRAORDINARY: PINKY GIST ON CUL-DE-SAC, IN THE PENDLETON ROUND-UP (RODEO), 1922.



THE PERILS OF BRONK-RIDING: ROSE SMITH TAKES A BAD FALL AT WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS.



THE "STIFF-LEGGED" STYLE—A FAVOURITE METHOD OF "BUCKING": A COMPETITOR IN AN EVENT SUCH AS THOSE TO BE HELD AT THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION.

IN THE FIRST INTERNATIONAL RODEO AT WEMBLEY.

BY TEX AUSTIN.



RECKLESS DARING IS NEEDED BY THE COMPETITOR IN THIS EVENT: DOC THORNE ON CRAZY JANE, 1919.



A FAMOUS WOMAN COMPETITOR IN A RODEO: PRAIRIE ROSE, ONE OF THE BEST GIRL BRONK RIDERS, IN A CONTEST OF THE KIND TO BE HELD AT WEMBLEY.



THE GIRL CHAMPION BRONK RIDER: BONNIE McCARROLL, OF IDAHO, WITH HER HUSBAND, FRANK McCARROLL (STANDING BY), WHO UNTIL LAST YEAR WAS CHAMPION STEER WRESTLER.



A DIFFICULT FEAT: BUFFALO BRADY AT THE TRI-STATE ROUND-UP, AT BELLE FOURCHE, SOUTH DAKOTA, 1920.

Next June, as announced on page 540, the first International Rodeo, or Cowboy Championship Contest, will take place at Wembley. The Director, Tex Austin, "King" of American cowboys, has organised it in association with Mr. Charles B. Cochran, who suggested the enterprise. The Mexican word "rodeo" (pronounced "ro-day-o") means a round-up of cattle on open ranges, and from such round-ups these cowboy contests originated. It cannot too strongly be emphasised that this Rodeo will not be a mere exhibition event, but a genuine competition, which might perhaps be called the "Olympic Games" of cowboy and cowgirl horsemanship. The competitors are not paid performers, but sportsmen and sportswomen who pay entrance fees and their own travelling and living

expenses. Their only chance of making money is to win some of the big prizes, but they care even more for the honour of winning the international championship titles. Entrants for the various events are coming, not only from the United States and Canada, but also from the Argentine and from Australia. The Rodeo will open on June 14 and continue for a fortnight. The above photographs of previous contests in America indicate the amazing quality of the horsemanship that is required. "The bucking horse (to quote our article) can do anything he wants to do—pitch, 'sun-fish,' 'fence-post,' or fall backwards on his rider." A "sun-fisher," in cowboy parlance, is a bucking horse that twists its body in the air so that sunlight falls on its belly.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

TO CRITICISE OR NOT TO CRITICISE.

THERE is a story of a dramatic critic who in his study had a cupboard containing three suits—an evening dress, a jacket suit, and pyjamas; and when he sat down to criticise, he donned one of the three, according to the nature of the play he had to deal with. Needless to say, he was the critic of a weekly, for the printer's devil would have left him no time for such masquerades had he worked for a daily paper.

When he had to criticise a classic, a poetic play, a serious drama, he put on his war-paint; when he sat

but *noblesse oblige* prevails. There is something solemn and exalting in the swallow-tail and the cambric tie. And I, for one, can well realise that my colleague wields his pen with greater distinction when his body is attuned to the loftiness of his task. Yes, I can understand this transformation when in office: it prevails in other professions: the judge in scarlet, and the barristers in wig and gown, are different beings from the same men we meet at the club or in the street. If we critics were to wear togas on a first night, there would be no invitation on the sly

of the critic towards serious plays, although he goes too far when he would desire that serious plays should not be criticised at all. If that were the course adopted, the playwright, as well as the manager, would be the main sufferers; for it is an accepted fact that serious plays take, as a rule, far more time to penetrate into public favour than the lighter material that, by laughter or tune, is rapidly popularised by the enthusiasts of pit and gallery.

Still, in the main trend of thought, Mr. Milne is right. Serious work is all too often disposed of lightly. Take the case of Mr. Munro's latest work, "Progress"—a work of moment, and one that, if it had been played in any other capital but London, would have been a topic of discussion and polemics. For it touches the marrow of national life; it deals with political aspects paramount in the mind of every newspaper reader. And what has been said of it? Who has heard of it beyond the Sunday and Monday audiences of the Stage Society and the enthusiasts of the drama—ever on the alert? In some quarters, "Progress" has been altogether ignored: for there was a railway strike on, and to serve the provinces—so we are told—the papers had to be diminished in size, and matter had to go overboard—dramatic criticism of special performances first of all. In other quarters, the consideration of the play was not more elaborate and searching than of any work of no consequence. Evidently it was a case for the jacket-suit, and not for evening-dress. If Mr. Milne had read it all, he would have said: "I told you so"; and is it not better to say nothing than to say so little that matters? And to this, the effective reply would be to shift our beacons, and to devote the cream of our thoughts, the utmost of our analytical power, the best of our judgment, to the criticism of serious work described by Mr. Milne as "a play written because the author wants to write it so, and can only write it so." If in this respect the critic would follow suit, all would be well.



MISS UNA O'CONNOR'S INCIDENTAL HIT IN "THE FAKE," AT THE APOLLO: (L. TO R.) THE WAITRESS, THE HON. GERRARD PILICK (MR. FRANKLYN BELLAMY), AND GEOFFREY SANDS (MR. GODFREY TEARLE).

Miss Una O'Connor makes a hit in a small part, as a Cockney waitress, in "The Fake," at the Apollo Theatre; Mr. Franklyn Bellamy portrays vividly a drunkard and drug fiend; and Mr. Godfrey Tearle is the strong man who, to save the drunkard's wife from misery, administers to him an overdose of his drug.—[Photograph by C.N.]

in judgment on melodrama, comedy, or any sort of play of lesser importance, on went the jacket-suit; and when farce—with or without bed-room scenes—musical comedy, and every kind of thing *pour passer le temps* had to be polished off lightly, airily, with a little contempt for his subject, he slipped into his pyjamas. Thus, he said, he found the right mood. I do not know that the process is to be recommended for imitation, but, figuratively speaking, there is something to be said for it. I, for one, approach my task always with the same zest, but in different moods. And here I would confess that it costs me more trouble to say something worth recording about plays of no consequence (my colleague's pyjama-plays), than about a work of importance. When I feel that an artist, be he an actor in, say, Shakespeare, or a playwright aspiring high, is striving to give his best, I try to attune my mind to his ambition. These are not occasions to sit down and fling opinions slapdash on paper; one should enter into the spirit of the work, to realise that it may have cost its creator or re-creator a long span of thought and labour; that judgment is anxiously awaited, and that on this judgment much depends. Appreciation may encourage; depreciation will damp ardour, and thus, perhaps, nip in the bud the promise of greater things to come. How often have we not heard of the actor's and playwright's apprehension as to the verdict of the critic whose word goes forth to a wide circle of readers, and thereby carries weight? What joys have been raised by the paper on the breakfast-table; what tears have been shed over it! Does the average reader ever pause and reflect what the criticised feels when at a glance he takes in the opinion on his work? It may be but one man's opinion, but it is voiced by a multitude, and it is thus that reputations can be made, thwarted, or destroyed by a few inches of printed matter. It would be a wonderful symposium, and to the readers an eye-opener, to ask those who work for the stage: "What does criticism mean to you?"

It is for this reason that there is a great deal to be said for the evening-dress mood. When we don it in life, we involuntarily change our attitude—the distinction of the clothes reflects on the man, his tenour, and his manners. He stands, as it were, away from the common rut. He may not know it,

but a manager's acolyte to step into a little office and have refreshment. Not that a critic, as Mr. A. E. Baughan so rightly says, would sell his independence for a whisky-and-soda; but the proceeding lacks dignity, and would never be attempted if critics, by their very aspect, were as unapproachable as judge and advocates.

But, *sans blague*, there is something to be said for Mr. Milne's—the distinguished playwright's—attitude

Mea culpa! I plead guilty, with some amusement, to a curious slip of the pen. When Congreve's "Way of the World" was announced, I plunged into a renewed study of his works. When, anon, the Phoenix promised us Wycherley's "Country Wife," I ran with interest through the plays of that dramatist; and what struck me—almost obsessed me—was the similarity of method and worldly contemplation. So deeply was I impressed with these germane characteristics that, when writing about "The Country Wife," I ascribed it to Congreve instead of Wycherley, and even in the proof the lapse escaped my notice. These things will happen to the enthusiastic student, and he hopes that the laugh at himself will be considered condign chastisement.



THE DRUNKARD'S WIFE AND THE STRONG MAN WHO DELIBERATELY COMMITS MURDER TO SAVE HER: MAVIS (MISS MURIEL ALEXANDER) AND GEOFFREY SANDS (MR. GODFREY TEARLE) IN "THE FAKE," AT THE APOLLO THEATRE.

"The Fake" of Mr. Frederick Lonsdale's play is the father of Mavis, an M.P. who, for social advantage, has allowed his daughter to marry a degenerate aristocrat addicted to drink and drugs. Geoffrey Sands is a family friend who deliberately murders her husband and dares the father to denounce him.—[Photograph by C.N.]

INCLUDING THREE EX-WINNERS: "FANCIES" FOR THE GRAND NATIONAL.

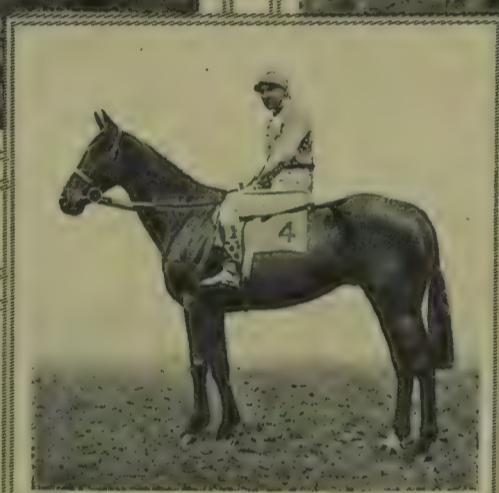
PHOTOGRAPHS BY L.N.A., EXCEPT NO. 3, BY W. A. ROUCH.



1. LAST YEAR'S WINNER: MR. S. SANFORD'S SERGEANT MURPHY, HERE SEEN WITH THE LATE CAPTAIN G. H. BENNET UP, WHO RODE HIM TO VICTORY.



2. RIDDEN BY A. ESCOTT, SINCE DISABLED BY AN ACCIDENT: MR. W. H. MIDWOOD'S SILVO.



4. WINNER OF THE GRAND NATIONAL IN 1921: SIR M. McALPINE'S SHAWN SPADAH.



3. WINNER OF THE GRAND NATIONAL IN 1922: MR. KERSHAW'S MUSIC HALL.

5. TO BE RIDDEN BY MR. H. A. BROWN, THE FAMOUS AMATEUR JOCKEY: MAJOR C. DEWHURST'S CONJUROR II.

The Grand National this year aroused as keen an interest as ever, especially as the result appeared to be even more doubtful than usual. The race was fixed to take place at Aintree on Friday, March 28, and at the moment of writing a list of probable runners just published contains the names of thirty-three horses. About the same time it was suggested that Major C. Dewhurst's Conjuror II., to be ridden by the well-known amateur, Mr. H. A. Brown, appeared likely to

start favourite. We give also photographs of four other horses that were specially fancied, including three previous winners, the old Sergeant Murphy, ridden to victory last year by the late Captain G. H. Bennet; Music Hall, which won in 1922; and Shaun Spadah, the winner in 1921. It was stated a few days before the race that Silvo would be ridden by R. Prioleau, instead of A. Escott, who was recently disabled for a time by an accident.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

By J. D. SYMON.

SOME remarks made on this page about the picturesque method of writing history have found a curious commentary in a new book—or rather, a new book has provided material for commentary. It was hinted that the picturesque could be carried too far, and of this the book supplies a salient example. At the same time, the author has succeeded in being very amusing, and, although his manner of handling a serious subject may be quite illegitimate, he has so pleasing and persuasive a way with him that it is impossible to take him to task very severely, as no doubt he deserves to be taken to task.

The book is a surprise. It comes to you under a title that promises a grave study. Anything that hints of great things perished is sure to attract readers with a sense of the past; and when the subject offered is the story of a lost kingdom, one is prepared for romantic history—a fine tale of forgotten things, to be enjoyed, perhaps, at the expense of a little wading through detail of the drier sort. In fact, the drier the detail the more the book is likely to be held in honour by those who fix the scale of values in such matters. Suppose, however, that the writer is an amiable heretic, who, although he has taken some pains with his material, has been so carried away by its humorous possibilities that he has given the rein to these, and has "written up" his incidents, partly true and partly legendary, in a style that approaches burlesque—a responsible reviewer ought (out of a sense of duty alone) to haul him over the coals, if he does not altogether ignore the shocking frivolity.

But suppose this offender has gone about a most romantic region, collecting its romantic traditions, catching its atmosphere of days bygone with some fidelity, and telling its story not unfaithfully, despite his fondness for rewriting old tales with a farcical pen—is his virtue to be condemned utterly because he serves it up with cakes and ale? That were hard measure. Let him be admonished for rather overdoing his passages of burlesque; but, as he has proved so diverting a companion, let him not be passed over in silence. He is sure to attract people who would be impatient of heavier books, and he will leave them with some not useless knowledge they might never have gained but for this entirely-to-be-deplored gilding of the historic and legendary pill. If he were not an American, he might not have got off so lightly; but a little irreverent handling of the past is to be expected of a nation not yet overburdened with a personal sense of history. His chapter on "Sundry Monsters" throws new and refreshing light on "the business of dragon-excommunication." These things are to be read in "*THE LOST KINGDOM OF BURGUNDY*," by Robert J. Casey (Leonard Parsons; 21s.). If the text fails to satisfy the rigidly minded in literature, the illustrations will find favour with the purist in photography.

The subject of dragons and their slaying appears again in a very pleasant book of essays by one of the most accomplished and rightly whimsical of present-day essayists. He does not, like the former writer, go to Tarascon for his monster, but supports home industries (albeit with a Cappadocian bias) in this line of adventure. This confines his subject almost of necessity to St. George and his adversary, although he is not altogether forgetful of the Welsh variety. There is no mention of Wantley, but the treatise is not intended to be exhaustive. The essay is for a day, the proper day, the 23rd of April, when St. George's dragon brooks no opposition.

The book is more or less a calendar, a "Book of Days"—by-the-bye, I seem to hear in it echoes of Chambers' "Book of Days," and it is none the worse, but rather the more pleasing to me personally on that account—more pleasing still that it is described in the sub-title as "A London Calendar et Cetera." The main title is equally alluring: it has the hospitable suggestion of a country ale-house sign, or a town ale-house, for that matter; to wit, it is nothing more nor less than "*DOG AND DUCK*." The writer is Mr. Arthur Machen, the publisher Mr. Jonathan Cape, and the price 7s. 6d. To him who wrote and to him who put forth the book, I am under deep obligations for an hour or so of most enjoyable reading.

To enjoy Mr. Machen's writing it is not necessary that you should always agree with his views. Now and then he may rub you the wrong way with his dogmatism—into which he falls, even when he is fighting the dogmatic—but the general tone of his little book is most persuasive. From the first he wins you to his London and his Calendar. Adapt a word, and of this book I will say with John Gilpin: "My good friend the calendar." The diurnal part is always agreeable; but for charm and excellence the title-essay, "*Dog and Duck*," remains unchallenged by anything that follows. It takes you into a London byway, and brings to light one of those survivals of older life and custom in which the Mother City is rich, did we but know where to find them. You may not be so explicitly directed that you will be able to invade the sacred precincts of the Marylebone Dog and Duck Club, but it is appropriate and satisfactory to hear that the M.D.C. lies within ten minutes' walk of Lord's. The information adds a new charm to the region, even although we may never visit the precise place.

This mystery of locality apart, you will not lay down the essay without knowing what Dog and Duck is, and how it is played. You will be assisted in your studies by a diagram that makes you long more than ever to visit that sequestered alley (presumably in the Groves of the

Evangelist) and try your hand as "first troller" in a "bump" with a ball that requires management of no common kind, if it is to turn the tricky corner and run down the return alley past "fourth chace," and so make you the proud and happy scorer of forty. It is a game that turns the finest googly bowler's skill to foolishness. Only practice for the best part of a lifetime can give the required knack.

The game alone would suffice for an essay; but this essayist knows the refinements of his craft too well to rest content with that. For your essay that sticks to the main theme in a matter-of-fact fashion runs the risk of being no essay at all. There must be discursive talk and literary allusion, not dragged in by the heels, but entering gracefully and naturally, and somehow relevant, yet with a piquant suggestion of irrelevancy. Here Mr. Machen is equal to the occasion. He notes apposite instances with a light hand, and then glides off from this most peaceful of games into the story of an old murder mystery—that queerest of queer affairs in which Anthony Mullins was brought to trial for the murder of Thomas Jenkyns. It gave the lawyers a puzzle at the time: it gives the psychic investigators no less a puzzle to-day.

The Victorian outcry wears a trifle tedious, but Mr. Machen gives it a fresh accent in a sub-satirical little paper which makes a good point. His argument may not be new to those who have any sense of literary history; but the fiercest anti-Victorians are not exactly distinguished by knowledge of literary values, otherwise they would

gifted in kitchen skill are the daughters of Thespis—and, as she has not only collected but tested every recipe here set down, she speaks with authority. It looks as if Mr. Scotson-Clark would support her opinion, for in his non-lachrymose gastronomy he confesses that it was an Italian ballet-girl who taught him how to prepare perfect spaghetti. With these manuals note also "*THE RUSSIAN COOK-BOOK*," by Princess Alexander Gagarin (Heinemann; 8s. 6d.), which will tempt amateurs and perhaps professionals to experiment in the savoury messes of the Muscovite kitchen. Its provenance reminds one that after the Terror of '93 many of the exiled French aristocrats turned their culinary skill to account for the benefit and instruction of British palates.

This dissertation has drifted into a vein that may perhaps be censured as having nothing to do with books in the strict sense of the term—the alarming reflection brought me up from my chair to reach down Charles Lamb and refresh my memory upon a crucial point. Did he, or did he not, include in his catalogue of "books which are no books—*biblia a-biblia*," the harmless necessary cookery-book? No, he did not. For this relief, much thanks, O Exquisite Elia! But stay: did he include it implicitly under the head of Scientific Treatises, and thus shut it out from grace? It may be so, yet, in the absence of direct evidence, I like to think that Elia would spare the cookery-book from his ban—first, for its essential humanity; and secondly, because at the end of that very essay in which he vindicated the cause of books that are books indeed and worthy of honour, he wrote with such admirable sympathy of "the poor gentry, who, not having wherewithal to buy or hire a book, fitch a little learning at the open stalls," and went on to quote a few verses about a hungry boy who could—

enjoy
The sight of cold meat in a tavern larder.

To this vicarious nourishment the cookery-book lends itself, and on that score of minor ministrations to human need (to say nothing of its larger and more legitimate service) Elia may have let it pass. Or it escaped, perhaps, for the sake of cookery-books that are classics undisputed.

A curious little piece of Nigerian folk-lore about cookery is given by Lady Dorothy Mills in "*THE ROAD TO TIMBUKTU*" (Duckworth; 15s.), another of those records of travel by adventurous modern women bitten with the desire to go alone into strange and outlandish places. "The Nigerian negroes say that fire and water are mortal enemies, and that the sun is the fetish of fire, and that the rivers run swiftly to escape him. As an example they will quote the fire over which you cook your food. To keep the fire from eating your food you have to put water between them. The water also wants your food, and between them they make a great *palabre* (talk or noise; in this case the hiss of boiling water), so that when you want to take your food you will have to be very careful not to touch either of them, because both are angry and will bite you if they can." The book is full of interesting little asides of that sort; for the writer was out to observe, and not merely to cover a certain amount of ground in order that she might boast of an unusual experience in globe-trotting.

The mystery of Timbuktu had fascinated Lady Dorothy Mills for many years, and at length it urged her to undertake all kinds of hardships and discomforts in order to visit it; but it was not altogether that African romance which gave reality to her quest. It was something far less grandiose—even comic—nothing but the nonsensical old rhyme about the missionary, the cassowary, and the plains of Timbuktu. From such little causes do considerable results spring, and everyone who reads and enjoys this book will be grateful to the absurd rhymester who found the ingenious jingle to the name of the faded but still fascinating African city, about which (nominally at least) Tennyson wrote his Cambridge prize poem. "That impracticable place, Timbuktu," once the home of wealth and splendour, the abode of half-savage luxury and pleasure, still retains a poetry of its own, and this the writer has communicated in her word pictures.

To the novels of the moment, a large and noteworthy contribution hails from across the Atlantic. Mr. Sinclair Lewis is in the field once more with "*FREE AIR*" (Cape; 7s. 6d.); Edna Ferber has sent over "*So Big*," a study of childhood (Heinemann; 7s. 6d.)—both interesting points in the orbits of two stars of which the magnitude has not yet been determined finally. There is much talk, too, of the appearance of a new star in the West, Fannie Hurst, whose novel, with the beautifully euphonious title "*Lumox*" (Cape; 7s. 6d.), is making something of a sensation. It is the story of a Scandinavian maid-of-all-work who had the soul of a poet.

Miss Hurst is a native of St. Louis. The American *Bookman* describes her as "opulent, Oriental, beautiful"—I forbear to quote further the good *Bookman*'s glowing portrait. She first tried the stage in New York, but very soon gave that up for writing, and found a footing in *Munsey's*. Always with literature in view, she had taken the Columbia Ph.D., and then went in search of "life"—in the Ghetto, as a waitress, and as a saleswoman in a department store. To that her arithmetic was not equal. Her short story, "*Sob Sister*," brought her into prominence. Her first novel, "*Star Dust*," had only moderate success. "*Lumox*," its immediate follower, seems to have taken hold. I want to consider it more at leisure before adding my mite to the volume of praise or censure.

We have arranged with Mr. Arthur L. Humphreys, of Messrs. Hatchards, of Piccadilly, to supply us each week with a list of books that were specially popular during the past month. These lists will be divided into different categories—Fiction, Memoirs, etc.—and will serve as a guide to our readers. The books are given in order of selling merit.

make less noise. As a necessary corrective, the essay comes in a good hour. It reminds us—and it supports the reminder with chapter and verse—that "The Poor Victorians" were not so very colourless after all. They said things and did things for which their grandsons would be smacked by the Powers-that-Be and sent to bed like naughty children. And Mr. Machen notes that these would-be daring, independent, and progressive grandsons submit tamely to the discipline, especially in the matter of public eating, drinking, and the purchase of materials for smoking. Who, then, are they that they should belittle and mock at forebears more robust? As for the grandsons' and grand-daughters' dissipations, Mr. Machen finds a mortuary a gay scene by comparison.

Mr. Machen distrusts science; he fears chiefly the science of dietetics, and the experts therein who would try to put out the kitchen fire. But he may sleep comfortably in his bed. The opposition is still strong and will prevail, if the current book-lists are any guide. For here, pat to the occasion, is a little group of cookery books written with the gusto germane to the matter. One is in the form of a sheaf of entertaining essays, which make touch at several points with the series just noticed, particularly on the question of wines and the right sort of wine-glass for each vintage. The book is called "*EATING WITHOUT FEARS*," by G. F. Scotson-Clark (Cape; 3s. 6d.), a useful and entertaining primer for the gourmet.

Much more imposing to the eye is a collection of recipes presented in the traditional cookery-book form, and without any attempt to weave them into essays. But if the readability of this volume rests on its practical value for definite occasions, it has a supplementary attraction that is entirely individual, for every recipe has been contributed and signed (in facsimile) by a famous actress. Four hundred actresses have a finger in this delectable pie, "*THE STAGE FAVOURITES' COOK-BOOK*," edited by Elizabeth Craig (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.). The editor believes that to be a good actress is also to be a good cook—so

FOUND AFTER 200 YEARS: A PAGE FROM A FAMOUS MS.



A MISSING PAGE FROM A 15TH-CENTURY "BOOK OF HOURS" ILLUMINATED BY JEAN FOUCQUET:
"ST. MICHAEL AND THE EVIL ONE"—AN EXQUISITE PIECE OF MEDIÆVAL COLOUR.

As we noted when we reproduced it in black and white in our issue of July 28 last, the above is a page from one of the most famous of mediæval manuscripts, the "Book of Hours" illuminated by Jean Foucquet, Court Painter to Louis XI., for his friend, Etienne Chevalier, Treasurer of France, about the year 1457. Foucquet was the most accomplished artist of his time, and the book was long kept as a treasured heirloom in the Chevalier family till the last male descendant died in 1630. Early in the eighteenth century the book fell into the hands of some vandal, who tore out the painted pages and threw the rest away. Fortunately, each page bears the initials and crest of the

original owner, and can thus be identified. The fragments were lost sight of for over a century until about 1805, when 40 of the missing pages were found in a curiosity shop at Basel. In 1866 they were bought for 250,000 francs by the Duc d'Aumale, who bequeathed them to the Institut de France. Other pages have since come to light: two of them are in the Louvre, one in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris, and one in the British Museum. The one here reproduced, which is the forty-fifth so far discovered, was included in a miscellaneous parcel of MSS. bought last year by Messrs. Maggs Bros., who recognised it for what it was.

SEEN IN STEREOSCOPIC RELIEF IF VIEWED THROUGH RED AND

ANAGLYPH PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON



CAMOUFLAGE DETECTED BY STEREOGRAPHY: SKATE RESTING.



A CLAWED-FROG FROM SOUTH AFRICA: A CURIOUS CREATURE IN A TANK AT THE NEW AQUARIUM IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.



GUDGEON.

WONDERS OF THE WATER WORLD TO BE SEEN IN THE NEW AQUARIUM
TO BE SEEN IN

As explained and demonstrated in our issue of March 8, these reproductions will appear sharp and in full stereoscopic relief when looked at through the red and green films given away with that issue. Readers who may have damaged or mislaid the coloured films should read an interesting notice on our "Notebook" page. We may recall that the new Aquarium at the "Zoo," where all the above photographs were taken, is to be opened to the public on April 7.

A SPIDER-CRAB IN ONE OF THE TANKS AT THE NEW "ZOO" AQUARIUM,
EACH OF WHICH HAS SPECIALLY DESIGNED ROCK-WORK.

ANAGLYPH PHOTOGRAPHS SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON

NEWS" AT THE NEW ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS AQUARIUM. (COPYRIGHT)

A SPIDER-CRAB IN ONE OF THE TANKS AT THE NEW "ZOO" AQUARIUM,
EACH OF WHICH HAS SPECIALLY DESIGNED ROCK-WORK.

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GREEN FILMS: OCCUPANTS OF THE NEW "ZOO" AQUARIUM.

NEWS" AT THE NEW ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS AQUARIUM. (COPYRIGHT)



EGG-CAPSULES OF THE DOG-FISH AT THE "ZOO" AQUARIUM: ONE OF MANY EXHIBITS WHICH AFFORD MEANS FOR STUDYING THE FERTILITY OF FISHES.



ALMOST WITHIN GRASP: A PIKE—ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING EXHIBITS IN THE 25 FRESH-WATER TANKS AT THE "ZOO" AQUARIUM.

AT THE "ZOO": CREATURES FROM HOME AND TROPICAL SEAS AND RIVERS.
STEREOSCOPIC RELIEF.

is one of the finest of its kind, has cost nearly £54,000, and will add an immense new source of interest to the Zoological Gardens. It contains 25 tanks for fresh-water creatures, 17 tanks for marine animals, and 40 tanks for tropical fish. Special rock-work has been arranged for every tank, and there is an elaborate system of water-supply and filtering.



FROM SOUTH AMERICA: A CAT-FISH.



A NATIVE OF MEXICO: THE AMOEBOT.



PIKE.



"THE AFTERMATH": A STUDY OF DEFEAT IN THE GRAND NATIONAL.

The Grand National, the great event of the steeplechasing world, took place this year on Friday last, March 28, over the historic course at Aintree, near Liverpool. This fine picture by the well-known sporting artist, Mr. Lionel Edwards, does not illustrate any particular Grand National race, but represents a typical scene at Pecher's Brook, one of the most formidable obstacles on the course, where many a horse and rider have come to grief. Meanwhile, the

horses that are still "standing up" in the race are disappearing over the fences in the distance. Incidentally, the drawing shows the desirability of "crash" helmets for steeplechase jockeys, as was suggested, it may be recalled, in a recent illustrated article on the use of such helmets by motor-cyclists, which was published in our issue of March 8.—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

CONCERNING THE AARD-WOLF.
By W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., Author of "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

ONE of the most remarkable animals of South Africa, the aard-wolf, is just now "under a cloud"; and it is much to be hoped that that cloud will be soon dispelled. The aard-wolf has many aliases, being also known as the Manhaar jackal, the Nadrou jackal, and the wher-wolf. These are names conferred by the colonists. Among the natives he is known as the *inci*, or the *tucu*. But these are inoffensive names; they impute no evil, if we except that of wher-wolf. And it may be this which has caused the trouble. "Give a dog a bad name and you may as well hang him." Yet the more one learns of his life history, the more the poor creature seems to resemble "Chuchundra, the musk-rat," a "broken-hearted little beast, who whimpers and cheeps all night, trying to make up his mind to run into the middle of the room, but he never gets there." Nevertheless, he is accused of killing lambs, and even sheep, and that is indeed a serious accusation. This is not the first time such charges have been made, and there are—as there always are in such cases—witnesses to be called for the prosecution.

What is to be said in favour of the accused? Who shall plead for him? Before going further it would be well to give a brief description of the accused. In size, then, and in general appearance the aard-wolf (Fig. 1) resembles a small hyena (Fig. 2), which really is a ferocious beast. To the hyenas, indeed, it is related, yet it is sufficiently distinct to make it necessary to place it in a family by itself—the *Protelesidae*: the hyenas forming a separate "clan," the *Hyenidae*.

Proteles cristatus, to give him the name by which he is known in the scientific text-books, might almost be described as a "wolf in sheep's clothing"; for though having the outward semblance of a hyena,

by their powerful feet claws, and the digging continues until the retreat of the great fat queen is reached, who is then torn from her bed and eaten with relish! Then the supplementary, or reserve, queens are eaten.

from which they can discharge an evil, musk-like fluid, repellent alike to beast and man. This power of discharging disgusting odours as a means of escape, or to beat off attack, is possessed by many of the carnivora, even when they are quite able to defend themselves with their teeth.

Taken young, *Proteles* is said to make a most charming pet, though it never succeeds in overcoming its natural timidity. But it rapidly gives up its nocturnal habits, and will romp and play throughout practically the whole day. Herein it is like another nocturnal African carnivore, the honey-rat. The adult aard-vark, on the other hand, never seems to survive capture more than a few days, since it refuses all food. Among the crimes with which this poor creature (*i.e.*, the aard-wolf) is charged, is that of stealing eggs; and these, too, of the ostrich, when in the neighbourhood of an ostrich-farm. He must be a very brave specimen of his race who would essay this feat; for the eggs are brooded at night by the cock, who when thus engaged is not a bird to be trifled with! Even were it not so, his ponderous weight would make the removal of even a single egg a virtual impossibility. This charge, however, seems to rest on exceedingly slender grounds, for many ostrich-farmers who have been questioned as to whether they have ever sustained any losses by this animal invariably reply, "No."

And now as to the charge of sheep-stealing. That this is very generally believed in is shown by the fact that the Provincial Governments pay a bounty of ten shillings per tail for every aard-wolf killed within the Cape Province. On what evidence does this charge rest? Here is the testimony of a farmer who wrote to the *Farmer's Weekly*



FIG. 1.—OFTEN MISTAKEN IN THE DUSK FOR THE FEROCIOUS HYENA (COMPARE FIG. 2), WHICH IT RESEMBLES: THE INOFFENSIVE AARD-WOLF—A HALF-GROWN EXAMPLE.

"The striped Hyena bears a striking resemblance, in the matter of coloration, to the Aard-wolf. This, however, is not a case of mimicry, for the two animals occupy remote areas of the African Continent. We must regard the likeness as due to the retention of a primitive type of coloration, probably once common to all the hyenas."—[Photograph by E. J. Manly.]

These having been disposed of, the raid ends, the rest of the community being left to fall a prey to birds, or other ant-eating creatures.

This rather wasteful method of hunting is unavoidable, for the aard-wolf is really but inefficiently equipped for a diet of ants: lacking the long, protrusible, sticky tongue of the true ant-eaters, such as the aard-vark, recently described on this page: Amid the living swarms inhabiting such fortresses, the writhing, sticky tongue is thrust and drawn back into the mouth again and again, covered with a struggling mass of victims. *Proteles* is a timid creature, venturing into the open only at night, and spending the hours of glorious sunshine within the cool shelter of its burrow. This is commonly the deserted home of an aard-vark. When, however, a ready-made hole cannot be found, then it will dig for itself. It is extremely rarely that you would ever succeed in digging out an aard-vark; for when the attempt is made, the creature goes on digging, and he can travel underground, digging as he goes, faster than two men with pick and shovel can dig, work they never so hard.

When, in hunting *Proteles*, the uttermost limit of the burrow has been reached, the whole family will be found cowering in the chamber, when they can be seized with impunity, for they offer no resistance. Of dogs they have a mortal fear, though at bay they will snarl and show their canines; but they will never bite. Their only real weapon of defence takes the form of a pair of glands at the base of the tail,



FIG. 4.—FOR CONTRAST WITH THE AARD-WOLF (FIG. 3): THE SKULL OF THE STRIPED HYENA, SHOWING CHEEK TEETH OF GREAT SIZE AND VERY POWERFUL.

the contrary, are very large and strong. Though mainly a scavenger, the hyena not only attacks antelopes, but will raid sheep flocks.—[Photograph by E. J. Manly.]

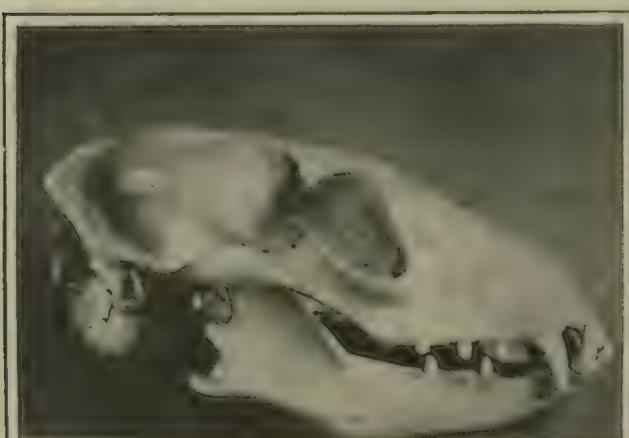


FIG. 3.—EVIDENCE FOR THE DEFENCE AGAINST THE CHARGE OF FEROCITY: THE SKULL OF THE AARD-WOLF, SHOWING THE DEGENERATE CHEEK-TEETH—A CONTRAST TO THE HYENA (FIG. 4).

The cheek-teeth of the Aard-wolf are reduced to mere pegs, and quite useless for breaking up large mouthfuls of flesh. Those of the striped hyena, on the contrary, are very large and strong. Though mainly a scavenger, the hyena not only attacks antelopes, but will raid sheep flocks.—[Photograph by E. J. Manly.]

he lacks the weapons appropriate to his disguise, since his jaws are scarcely capable of tackling anything "tougher than suet." The merest glance suffices to show this much, for they are feebly fashioned, and this is especially true of the teeth. The canines are certainly those of a carnivore, but they would scarcely instil fear into a mouse; while the teeth behind them are mere travesties of teeth—mere pegs. Further description will be unnecessary when they are compared with those of a true hyena, as may be seen by a glance at the adjoining photographs (Figs. 3 and 4).

The great cheek-teeth, or "carnassials," of the hyenas are more powerful even than those of the lion or the tiger; and they are largely used for smashing bones, for the sake of the marrow they contain. Those who would gauge the amount of force required to smash the thigh-bone, say, of an ox, should essay this task with a heavy hammer. It will not be easily accomplished. They have been known to crush the iron traps set to catch them as though they were fashioned out of tin! *Proteles*, then, is the mere shadow of a hyena, tackling no more formidable prey than white ants, or termites, and other insects, small lizards, rats, mice, and, by way of variety, carrion. But the so-called "white ant," or termite, furnishes its principal, and favourite, food. The great fortresses of these creatures are breached



FIG. 2.—LIKE THE AARD-WOLF IN COLORATION, BUT DIFFERENT IN CHARACTER AND FAR REMOVED IN LOCALITY: THE STRIPED HYENA, "WHICH REALLY IS A FEROCIOUS BEAST."

[Photograph by F. W. Bond.]

so far back as 1908. "I myself," he says, "have seen a manhaar (aard-wolf) rush into a flock of sheep and catch one, and that in broad daylight, too, in sight of the house." One or two others go one better. They aver that they have not only seen them kill lambs and sheep, but have even killed them in the act. What could be more convincing? The whole life-history of the animal, apart from the feebleness of its jaws, make such charges seem almost preposterous. They who make them, perhaps in good faith, are evidently mistaking *Proteles* for his really formidable cousin, the hyena; and even he, except maddened by hunger, would not make such an attack as that just described. Fortunately, however, we have the testimony of quite a considerable number of farmers, and these are unanimous in their testimony in favour of this much-maligned animal. As one of these points out, where lambs and kids have been killed, apparently for the sake of the curdled milk in their stomachs, baboons are the culprits. One farmer states that on his farm there are at least fifty aard-wolves, and yet, though he has seen them wandering at dusk among his sheep and lambs, he has never sustained any loss by their presence. They all agree that it should be afforded protection, if only because of the benefit it confers by preying on the destructive "white ant," which causes enormous damage in the country.





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SIXPENNY-PACKET ARISTOCRATS—AND DWELLERS AMONGST THEM.

"THE ROMANCE OF PLANT HUNTING." By CAPTAIN F. KINGDON WARD.*

Our England is a garden, and such gardens are not made By singing "Oh, how beautiful!" and sitting in the shade, While better men than we go out and start their working lives At grubbing weeds from gravel paths with broken dinner-knives.

WITH that peculiarly well-applied Kipling quotation, Captain Kingdon Ward begins his book; for he is nothing if not one of those better men. He is a professional hunter of plants, an immigration agent shepherding hardy aliens to our shores, a traveller whose life of swift surprise is spent in search not of those freak flowers which are for horticultural Barnums and those lured only by sheer novelty, not of the snobbish, soulless orchid, not of "the *parvenu* which tries to force his way in with a blaze of vulgar colour," but of the real aristocrats "whose dearest boast it is to be in a six-penny packet of seeds."

Thus we find him particularly among the primulas and the rhododendrons, spying out and tracking down the unknown and introduceable, far less for the herbaria of Kew, Edinburgh, London, and Cambridge, than for the beds and the rocks, the window-boxes, the pots, and the vases, of homes stately and homes small. To the former the mummied corpses, the merely curious and rare, the exotics who flaunt in the well-nursed "wards" of Botanical Gardens. To the latter the virile, the welcome visitors who can defy our kaleidoscopic climate, "new freshets of colour to swell the tide of England's beauty."

Lingering lovingly over the names and the memories of brave blossoms, we see him wandering and wondering in Western China and in Tibet, a tent-dweller facing the solitude that hurts, drenched with the rains, scorched dry by the sun, numbed by the snow; marching at two miles an hour into the inhospitable heart of Asia; in jungle and meadow, on hill and mountainside; prying about the cliffs, looking for lurkers in crevices, scrambling over the scree that are "the chips and splinters left over from the carving of the earth," ever in danger of the rock avalanche, the hurtling of stone death; a sojourner in Temple-lodgings and in inns or wayside hovels chiefly notable for grime, discomfort, "ticks, fleas, bugs, spiders and other athletic and voracious insects."

With all, the compensations of discovery and of adventure; the joys of harvesting the plants and seeds; the fascinations of the wide spaces; Nature at its daintiest, its grimmest, its gentlest and its wildest; the weirdly fantastic happenings of the way; the everlasting twilight of the Valley Where No Man Comes, on the North East Frontier of Burma; Yunnan, the Land of the Southern Cloud, where "a field of opium poppies is one of the fairest sights on earth," shaming the opium den of which it is the glorious herald; the Inn of Golden Happiness; the Land of the Yellow Lama; Muli cliff, "stupendous monument to the perished glaciers of the Marches"; the Rhododendron Moorland beyond the River of Golden Sand.

And, not less interesting than the flora, the fauna! The Chinese village soldier, for example. At Chen-kang, "ten ragamuffins of soldiers were billeted on the place; their job it was to patrol the road and protect travellers from the scourge of brigands.... The soldiers smoked opium and gambled till the small hours, wrangling acidly over brass cash. How they proposed to deal with brigands no one knew. Their weapons stood in a row against the wall, and a more job lot it would be hard to imagine.... No two were alike. Every reasonable size of bore was supplied, but only one warrior had any ammunition, and that was an outsize. There was even a Tower musket." Then there were troops on the march, the men of a frontier garrison. "They were deserting their post to go and join in the fray some 500 miles hence. The commander was fast asleep in his chair. A man followed behind—far behind, with his charger; the charger was also asleep. Someone

was carrying his pistol, and someone else his sword. Miles behind plodded a company or two—small boys and old men. They were armed with magazine rifles, but appeared to be singularly deficient in ammunition. Some carried two or three rifles, others none. Several of them possessed bayonets."

The King of Muli, it may be taken, was little better served, although he is distinctly gregarious, and his people are in yearly—if not constant—fear of the Mantzu! "The King, accompanied by the whole of his household, moves his government annually, spending a year at each of the three principal monasteries in turn. These are Muli, Wa-ri-chen (La-Kang), and Kong (Ku-lu). . . . The order is always the same—Muli—Wa-ri-chen—Kong, and so back to Muli.

"After ramming down the powder, poured like pepper from a horn castor, and dropping in a slug or two, the marksman would kneel down behind his *sangar*, and resting the gas-pipe barrel on the wall, take long and careful aim. What a pregnant moment was that, when, cheek to butt, he began to pull on the trigger, thereby depressing the fork which carried the end of a tinder-rope! Generally, after agonizing suspense, nothing happened; the last spark in the tinder had impatiently gone out, while the man was taking aim. But sometimes there was a sputter, a cloud of smoke rose, followed by a prolonged bang! and, before you could say Jack Robinson, the bullet was well under way." Fortunately, there were also the irregulars, themselves Mantzu, and Lisu and Lolo, feed to fight for Muli—"wild-looking men . . . with matted hair, sometimes twisted into a short horn which projected in front, or tied in a pigtail, which hung down behind. Their faces were scarred by the kick of the long cheek guns they carried. Their clothes were scanty and ragged, and most of them went barefooted. They spoke strange words in a viscous growl, and uttered uncouth oaths. Some carried swords and some spears, but most of them were armed with the long gas-pipe matchlock of the hunter." Their methods were demonstrative, rather than daring—and there was no war; even the King was bored!

In fact, they were scarcely less courteous than those who put out their tongues at Captain

Ward—"I have a faint recollection that in my nursery days, which geologically speaking was recent, undue exposure of the tongue called forth a rebuff; sometimes in the shape of a well-aimed book. Other places; other manners. In Tibet it is regarded as a polite and humble thing to do, a mark of respect."

So to many another item that was well worth the chronicling.

In Yunnan, "at dusk the steep hillside is lit up with the glow of forest fires; yet not for clearings is the jungle being burnt—there is no trace of cultivation on these forbidding cliffs. No, it is the rasping of the stony bamboo haulms which, bursting at last into fire, have set the whole forest ablaze. But some say it is the dancing fireflies which have kindled the brushwood."

At Muli, in a corner of the monastery terrace was "a strong room, without windows. It contained nothing but a single huge brightly coloured prayer-drum. If you gave the attendant priest a trifle, he would open the doors for you. Then you walked round the cell, dragging the prayer-drum after you by means of a rope, and at each complete revolution it automatically rang a bell. However, as the drum was ten feet high and twenty in circumference, and weighed about half a ton, it required great strength to ring the bell; but no power on earth would make it disgorge the penny."

And, in Tibet, yak milk and brick tea: "In June, there was camped close to us a herdsman with his yak. Every morning before they were permitted to disperse into the alps, the cows were milked; and every morning half a bucketful of frothing warm milk was brought to my tent, for which I rendered, in exchange, a quarter of a brick of tea. I had brought with me from the city of Tali half a mule-load of this tea, which is pressed into cones and wrapped in the stiff, crackling sheaths of the bamboo. Fifteen of these long packages, packed in a wicker basket, comprise a half-load, of about 120 tea bricks. These go a long way in the purchase of commodities from the Tibetans, to whom tea is a necessity, whereas silver is only a nuisance. The tea, of course, is not good. The bricks are made of twigs, dust, and aged leaves, moulded while moist and doubtless held together with a thin film of rice water—a paste much used in China in the manufacture of inferior and spurious teas. However, any lingering flavour it may retain of the ash heap is disguised by the addition of butter and salt."

If "The Romance of Plant Hunting" is not a best-seller it ought to be. Everything is in its favour.

E. H. G.



ITALIAN ART IN THE ANGERSTEIN COLLECTION, THE PURCHASE OF WHICH, IN 1824, PROVIDED THE GREATER PART OF THE ORIGINAL NUCLEUS OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY: "BACCHUS AND SILENUS," BY ANNIBALE CARRACCI.

"The reason given for this annual exodus is that it tends to circulate the government. But, as a matter of fact, all three monasteries are situated within two days' journey of each other in the centre of the King's dominions. . . . The kingship is invested in one family in perpetuity, for services rendered to the late Dynasty of China."

Captain Ward saw his dusky Majesty's conscripts at firing practice. "They would set up a slab of rock as large as a paving stone, and withdrawing seventy or eighty yards, shoot at it deliberately. They never, to my knowledge, hit it; but they got sufficiently near to make it unhealthy for anyone in the neighbourhood."



THE CHIEF EXAMPLE OF BRITISH ART IN THE ORIGINAL NUCLEUS OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY: "LORD HEATHFIELD," BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, IN THE ANGERSTEIN COLLECTION.

In connection with the Centenary of the National Gallery, on April 2, we reproduce here and on two other pages of this number some of the chief pictures in the Angerstein Collection, which was purchased by the Government in 1824, and formed the nucleus of the National Gallery, along with other works presented by Sir George Beaumont.—[Photographs by Courtesy of the National Gallery.]

* "The Romance of Plant Hunting." By Captain F. Kingdon Ward, F.R.G.S., Author of "The Land of the Blue Poppy," "The Mystery Rivers of Tibet," etc. (Edward Arnold and Co.; 12s. 6d. net.)

“THE INFANT NATIONAL GALLERY”: FOUNDATION PICTURES.

BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



NO. 34. TITIAN'S "VENUS AND ADONIS": A PICTURE IN THE ANGERSTEIN COLLECTION, BOUGHT IN 1824.



NO. 53. CUYP'S "LANDSCAPE—EVENING": A PICTURE IN THE ANGERSTEIN COLLECTION WHICH FORMED THE MAIN NUCLEUS OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



NO. 30. CLAUDE'S "EMBARCATION OF ST. URSULA": ONE OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY'S INAUGURAL COLLECTION.



NO. 38. "THE RAPE OF THE SABINES," BY RUBENS: A PICTURE IN THE FOUNDATION COLLECTION OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



NO. 114. HOGARTH'S "SHORTLY AFTER MARRIAGE" (IN THE "MARRIAGE À LA MODE" SERIES): ONE OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY'S FOUNDATION PICTURES.



NO. 47. REMBRANDT'S "ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS": A PICTURE IN THE FIRST NATIONAL GALLERY COLLECTION.

On April 2 the National Gallery will celebrate the centenary of its establishment, and in connection with the occasion it has issued a very interesting historical booklet, by Sir Charles Holmes and Mr. C. H. Collins Baker, entitled "The Making of the National Gallery, 1824—1924." "Popular opinion," they write, "commonly associates the foundation of the National Gallery with the name of Angerstein. The credit may with much more justice be given to Sir George Beaumont. . . . Early in 1823 he offered to give his famous collection of pictures to the Nation, so soon as the Government would provide proper house-room for them. This promise was mentioned to the House of Commons in July of that year, by another friend of the Arts, George Agar Ellis (afterwards Lord Dover), when warning Par-

liament that the Angerstein Collection would be sold in the following year (1824), and should not be allowed to leave the country. Lord Liverpool's Government was still struggling, just as we are struggling a century later, with the collapse of trade, the unemployment, and the unrest which were the natural sequels of a great and exhausting war. Fortunately the Prime Minister was no less large-minded than capable. In deciding for the purchase we know, on the evidence of Sir Robert Peel, that he was largely influenced by Sir George Beaumont's promise. A similar intention had been avowed by the Rev. W. Holwell Carr. Accordingly on April 2, 1824, the House of Commons voted £60,000 for the purchase, preservation and exhibition of the Angerstein pictures. Sir George Beaumont, Lord Dover, the Rev. W. Holwell Carr, and

[Continued opposite.]

“THE INFANT NATIONAL GALLERY”: FOUNDATION PICTURES.

BY COURTESY OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.



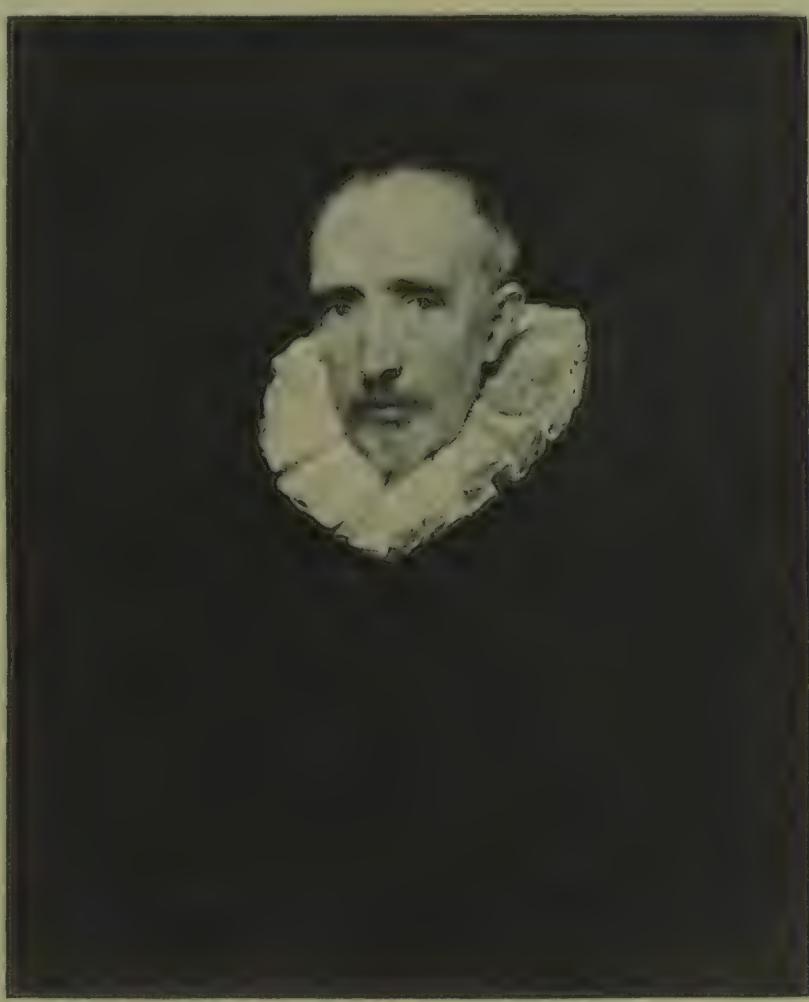
NO. 1.—“THE RAISING OF LAZARUS,” BY SEBASTIANO DEL PIOMBO: A PICTURE IN THE ANGERSTEIN COLLECTION WHICH FORMED THE NATIONAL GALLERY’S PRINCIPAL NUCLEUS.



NO. 42.—“A BACCHANALIAN DANCE,” BY N. POUSSIN: ONE OF THE ORIGINAL COLLECTION OF PICTURES WITH WHICH THE NATIONAL GALLERY BEGAN.



NO. 51.—“A JEW MERCHANT,” BY REMBRANDT: ONE OF THE FOUNDATION PICTURES PRESENTED TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY BY SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.



NO. 52.—“VAN DER GEEST,” A PORTRAIT BY VAN DYCK: ONE OF THE PICTURES WHICH FORMED THE ORIGINAL COLLECTION OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

Continued.

Lord Liverpool are therefore the men whom we should honour as our founders. Thirty-eight pictures from the Angerstein Collection thus became public property, at a total cost of £57,000. . . . On May 10, 1824, the Angerstein Collection was opened to the public in the late owner’s house, 100, Pall Mall. Let us try to picture this infant National Gallery. We shall see at once that the Italian pictures in the Angerstein Collection were relatively unimportant. Except for the huge ‘Raising of Lazarus’ by Sebastian del Piombo, the ‘Venus and Adonis’ by Titian, and the charming little ‘Bacchus and Silenus’ by Annibale Carracci, there was little or nothing which would interest our modern eyes. The ‘Bacchanal’ (42) by Nicholas Poussin was first-class of its kind, while two at least of the five works by Claude, the ‘S. Ursula’ (30) and the ‘Queen of Sheba’

(14) are among that painter’s masterpieces. A superb Rubens, ‘The Rape of the Sabines’ (38), three works by Van Dyck (49, 50 and 52), two admirable compositions by Rembrandt (45 and 47), and a fine example of Albert Cuyp (53) showed the schools of the Netherlands to singular advantage. British Art was represented by the famous ‘Lord Heathfield’ of Reynolds, and seven Hogarts, including the well-known ‘Marriage à-la-Mode’ series. We reproduce above most of the pictures mentioned, and two others on page 555. These are all but one from the Angerstein Collection, the exception being Rembrandt’s ‘Jew Merchant,’ the gift of Sir George Beaumont. John Julius Angerstein, who made the collection that bears his name, was a Russian who became a London merchant and founded Lloyds. He died in 1822.

LONDON FREED OF CONGESTION—BY THE TRAM AND BUS STRIKE: “BUSIEST CENTRES” TRANSFORMED.

PHOTOGRAPHS NOS. 1 TO 4 BY SPORT AND GENERAL; NO. 5 BY C.N.



1. THE CITY BEFORE THE STRIKE (A CONTRAST TO NO. 3): NORMAL CONGESTION OF MOTOR OMNIBUS TRAFFIC OUTSIDE THE MANSION HOUSE—SHOWING THE ROYAL EXCHANGE IN THE BACKGROUND.



2. THE BUS-LESS STRAND DURING THE STRIKE: ASSUMES THE ASPECT OF A QUIET HIGH STREET IN A COUNTY TOWN.



ONE OF LONDON'S MOST CROWDED THOROUGHFARES HIGH STREET IN A COUNTY TOWN.



3. THE CITY DURING THE STRIKE (A CONTRAST TO NO. 1): THE SAME VIEW AT THE MANSION HOUSE ON THE NEXT DAY (MARCH 22), WITH NO BUSES AND ONLY A FEW TAXIS AND HORSE-DRAWN VEHICLES.



4. "AND ALL THAT MIGHTY HEART WAS LYING STILL": WESTMINSTER BRIDGE WITHOUT TRAMS AT NOON ON MARCH 22, WHEN THE GREATEST ACTIVITY APPEARED TO BE THAT OF BOADICEA'S CHARIOT HORSES.



5. MADE A "WASTE" BY THE STRIKE: PICCADILLY CIRCUS DEVOID OF MOTOR-BUS TRANSPORT ON THE AFTERNOON OF MARCH 22, WHEN THE BUS AND TRAM MEN CAME OUT.

London's traffic problem (in one sense) suddenly disappeared on Saturday, March 22, when the bus and tram strike began, for the absence of motor-buses and trams gave the streets a singularly peaceful aspect, and pedestrians revelled in unwonted security. In another sense, however, the problem was very much intensified, both on the underground and suburban railways, which became distressingly crowded, and for many thousands of people who were compelled to walk to and from their work. On the Saturday, being a short day, with fine weather, this was no great hardship, but the real trouble for the unwilling pedestrian began on the Monday following. The Court of Inquiry set up by the Minister of Labour sat both on March 22 and Sunday, March 23,

The most notable result was the declaration by Lord Ashfield (chairman of the combined underground railways, omnibuses, and three tramway systems), on the urgent need of co-ordinating all the road passenger transport of London. The chairman of the Court, Sir Arthur Colefax, K.C., questioned all parties to the dispute on the possibility of reopening negotiations if the Government pledged itself to introduce a measure dealing with London traffic. Lord Ashfield replied that he would negotiate on such an understanding, and Mr. Bevin, the leader of the strikers, said he was ready to negotiate at any time. The question whether Underground motor-men should strike was considered at a meeting on March 24 of the Associated Society of Locomotive Engineers and Firemen.

ART AFFINITIES BETWEEN PERU AND EGYPT: PERUVIAN



MODELED IN BLACK CLAY: A SEAL WITH YOUNG, FROM THE VALLE DE CHICAMA, PERU. (HEIGHT, 18.5 CM.)



A CLAY MODEL OF A FROG, WITH "STIRRUP" HANDLE, FROM THE VALLE DE CHICAMA. (HEIGHT, 23 CM. WITHOUT HANDLE.)



A REALISTIC OWL, MODELED IN CLAY, FROM CHIMBOTE, PERU. (HEIGHT, 15 CM.)



A BLACK CLAY LLAMA HEAD FROM NAZCA, WITH LIPS AND EARS RED INSIDE. (HEIGHT, 6.8 CM.)



A HUMAN-FACED BAT (OF INDIAN RED, LIKE LAQUER) ON A FRUIT (OF WHICH IT IS THE STONE); A CLAY VESSEL FROM CHIMBOTE. (HEIGHT, 21.5 CM. WITHOUT HANDLE.)



A SMALL LLAMA HEAD IN YELLOW-BROWN CLAY, FROM NAZCA. (HEIGHT, 9 CM.)



WITH "TREFOIL" SPOTS LIKE THOSE ON THE HATHOR COUCH IN TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB: A DEER-SNAKE (MEXICAN, MAZACOATL) IN CLAY. (HEIGHT, 18.7 CM.)



A DUCK MODELED IN CLAY AS A VESSEL WITH A HANDLE, FROM TRUJILLO. (HEIGHT, 11.5 CM.)

The book from which these remarkable photographs are reproduced—"The Art of Old Peru," edited by Dr. Walter Lehmann—was reviewed, as our readers will remember, in our issue of February 9, where we also gave a double-page of very striking Peruvian portrait heads from the same source, some of them bearing strong affinities with work of the Italian Renaissance. The subjects which we now reproduce are all typical of Peruvian work in animal sculpture, or modelling in clay with motives from natural history. It is interesting to find, in some of the heads, distinct resemblances to the animal carvings found in Tutankhamen's Tomb. Discussing the naturalistic element in Peruvian art, Dr. Lehmann writes: "It would not be surprising if a pure naturalism was the beginning of all human art. . . . Primitive man lives in such intimate dependence on nature that it completely dominates all his feelings, thoughts and

ILLUSTRATIONS REPRODUCED FROM "THE ART OF OLD PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. ERNEST BENN, LTD.

ANIMAL SCULPTURES, SOME IN TUTANKHAMEN STYLE.

PERU," BY COURTESY OF THE EDITOR AND OF THE ERNEST BENN, LTD.



A FROG-SHAPED CLAY VESSEL FROM PACHACAMAC, PERU. (HEIGHT, 10.3 CM.; LENGTH, 14.9 CM.)



A SILVER LLAMA, NOW IN THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, NEW YORK. (HEIGHT, 9 1/16 IN.)



A SILVER LLAMA FROM TITICACA ISLAND, WITH GOLDEN ORNAMENT ON BACK. (HEIGHT, 9 1/8 IN.)



VERY LIKE ONE OF THE CARVINGS ON TUTANKHAMEN'S ANIMAL COUCHES: A CLAY PUMA HEAD, FROM THE VALLE DE CHICAMA. (HEIGHT, 11.4 CM.)



A DARK-CLAY DISH WITH FISHES MODELED IN RELIEF, FROM CUZCO. (DIAMETER, 23 CM.)



ALSO RATHER IN THE TUTANKHAMEN STYLE: A CLAY PUMA HEAD (17 CM. LONG) FORMING THE MOUTH OF A CLAY TRUMPET (38.5 CM. LONG).



AGAIN RATHER REMINISCENT OF A TUTANKHAMEN ANIMAL COUCH: A HEAD IN GOLD AND COPPER ALLOY, WITH SHELL TEETH AND UNEXPLAINED ORNAMENTS. (LENGTH, 25 CM.)

desires. . . . This peculiar spiritual attitude becomes active in the presence of natural phenomena, and, above all, before animals. . . . A woman of the Miskito Indians, who was once accompanying me, met a snake. Immediately she turned back and wanted to make a necklace with the snake design." Later, he says: "The polychrome pottery of Nazca is extremely rich in the representation of figures. . . . The animals include—wild cats, monkeys, mice, guinea-pigs, condors, birds with crested heads, arctic birds, long-legged and aquatic birds, pelicans . . . lizards, snakes, tadpoles, frogs and toads, seals, fish, crabs, amphibia, and water-beetles. Among the plants are to be noticed bean-pods and ripe beans, tubers from vegetables . . . maize heads, peppercorns, ripening fruits of palms, tomatoes, and cactuses."

A TIE IN THE 'VARSITY SPORTS: THE KING WATCHES ON FOOT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SPORT AND GENERAL



THE POLE JUMP (CAMBRIDGE): MR. G. S. BAIRD (VALE AND KING'S), THE WINNER, WITH A JUMP OF 11 FT. 1 IN.



THE KING A SPECTATOR ON THE GRASS: HIS MAJESTY (THIRD FROM RIGHT, STANDING, IN GROUP ON LEFT) WATCHING THE LONG JUMP.



THE THREE MILES (OXFORD): MR. P. H. M. BRYANT (QUEEN'S), WINNER, BREASTING THE TAPE.



THE HIGH JUMP (A TIE): MR. C. T. VAN GEYSELL (TRINITY HALL, CAMBRIDGE), WHO TIED WITH MR. R. J. DICKINSON AT 5 FT. 11 IN.



PUTTING THE WEIGHT (OXFORD): MR. S. H. THOMSON (PRINCETON AND ST. CATHERINE'S, OXFORD), THE WINNER, WITH 42 FT. 2 IN.



"A JOVIAL KING": HIS MAJESTY WITH THE TWO PRESIDENTS, MR. R. J. DICKINSON (OXFORD), AND MR. W. S. BRISTOWE (CAMBRIDGE, RIGHT).



THE HALF-MILE (CAMBRIDGE): MR. D. G. A. LOWE (PEMBROKE), WINNING FROM MR. J. S. WATTS (LINCOLN, OXFORD), IN 1 MIN. 57 1-5 SEC.

The Oxford and Cambridge Sports, which took place at Queen's Club on March 22, instead of, as usual, just before the Boat Race, were particularly interesting from the "ding-dong" closeness of the struggle, finally resulting in a tie. Both sides won five events, and divided the honours in the High Jump. The King, who was a keen spectator, was on foot all the afternoon. Cambridge led off by winning the Hundred Yards and (after the High Jump tie), the Half Mile. Two Oxford victories followed, in Putting the Weight and the Long Jump, making

honours easy. Next Cambridge won the 220 Yards Low Hurdles. Then came the sensation of the day in the Three Miles, in which Mr. R. S. Starr, of Cambridge, either miscounted the laps or was misinformed by a supporter, spurred in the last lap but one, believing it to be the last, and fell out. Mr. Bryant, the winner, was Oxford's third string. Oxford won the next two events, the 120 Yards Hurdles and the Quarter Mile, but Cambridge equalised by taking the last two, the Pole Jump and the Mile.



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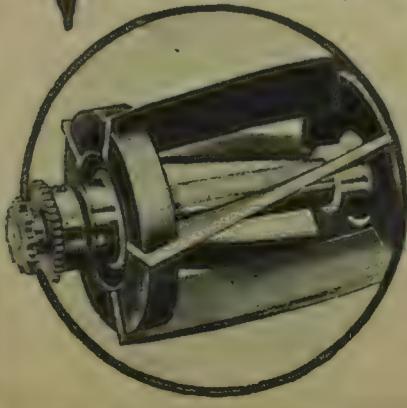
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The World of Women

THE Prince of Wales's beauty will not be spoiled, although for a time he was somewhat battered. The Queen was reassured at the same time that she heard of the accident. Nothing is more certain than that no two people would be so pleased as his royal parents did he decide to give up riding between the flags. I have seen the Queen watch her eldest son ride at Hawthorn Hill, and it was apparent that her Majesty was very, very anxious. The King has only hunted once since his accession, when he had a day with the Duke of Beaufort's Hounds. His Majesty loves horses and riding not so keenly as his eldest son, perhaps, but enough to appreciate the fascination it has for the Prince. At the same time, the King knows the value of his tremendously popular eldest son to the Empire, and therefore does not, I am told, approve of the risks he takes.

The Grand Military attracts a crowd to Sandown Park quite different from crowds at other meetings. The soldier men are delightful to look upon; so smart, so smiling and gay, so well turned out without a suspicion of any attempt to produce such an effect; so sportsmanlike, and so nice to womenkind. The few M.P.s who had a funny little tilt at reducing the Army to vanishing point would have a poor chance if the women at the Grand Military caught them. These ladies, in an unmistakable and inexplicable way, share the smart, well-set-up, and well-turned-out air of the men. One would not, perhaps, call them a crowd of the very latest dressers, in styles dictated by mannequin parades, but no one would attempt to deny that they are a crowd of remarkably good dressers, especially for such an occasion.

Everyone felt very sorry for Prince Henry's losing the 'chase that he seemed certain of winning, through a cyclist having his wheel right on the course. The Prince's first words were pity for his horse, which was going so well, and had his legs cut by the spokes of the wheel. One doesn't at all regret if the enterprising owner lost his machine; that, however, does



This distinctive four-piece suit of boucle must be placed to the credit of Jay's. The long coat, scarf, and skirt are of a jade nuance; while the jumper is embroidered in soft tones of yellow. (See page 566.)



Heavy artificial silk of a deep Oxford blue, bound with vivid yellow, expresses this graceful suit, of which the jumper is embroidered with cotton thread in soft colourings. Sketched at Jay's, Regent Street, W. (See page 566.)

not make up to the poor horse. Many people say that the Prince of Wales's mount swerved to avoid the crowd right over on the course, and that the swerve caused his faulty landing. If there are not police enough to keep the course clear at point-to-point 'chases, the Hunt Club, or clubs concerned, should send out servants and officials to every jump for that purpose.

Viscountess Astor's niece, married this week to a brother of Lord St. Oswald, was over here with Lady Astor last season, and a ball was given for her by her aunt. She is a pretty American girl, and took very kindly to English life. She chose green for her bridesmaids' frocks, and the church—St. James's, Piccadilly—was what the Irish call "adjacent" to 4, St. James's Square. It is famous for the Grinling Gibbons wood carved reredos and marble carved font, the latter showing Adam and Eve and the Serpent, and the Ark, and other Old Testament subjects. It is a good place for a wedding, for there is a broad way up the nave for bridal processions, and Miss Perkins had a very pretty wedding, and the green frocks were so dainty that they are likely to bring good luck, in any case, to their wearers!

Mr. Edward North Buxton, who is engaged to Miss Sybil O'Neill, is the only surviving son of Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Buxton, of Birch Hall, Theydon Bois, Essex. He is a Major in the Territorial Army, and has the M.C., and is a grandson of Sir Edward North Buxton, second Baronet. Mrs. Gerald Buxton, who has the O.B.E., is a daughter of Sir Joseph Pease, first Baronet, and is a sister of Lord Gainford and of Sir Alfred Pease, present Baronet. Miss Sybil O'Neill is a grand-daughter of the Marquess of Crewe and of Lord O'Neill. Her father, the late Captain the Hon. A. E. B. O'Neill, 1st Life Guards, was killed in action in 1914. He was the elder son of Lord and Lady O'Neill, of Shanes Castle, which fine old pile was burnt. The bride-elect's eldest brother (she has three, and one sister), Mr. Shane Edward O'Neill, is heir-presumptive to the title, which dates from 1868, the family tracing descent from the Princes of Tyrone. The Hon. Hugh O'Neill, only surviving son of Lord O'Neill, is Speaker of the Northern Ireland House of Commons. There was an Earldom in the O'Neill family from 1800 to 1841. Lady Anna-bell Dodds, mother of the bride-to-be, is the eldest daughter of the Marquess of Crewe by his first wife, who was a daughter of the twelfth Duke of Somerset.

She remarried, eight years ago, after the death of her first husband, to Major J. H. H. Dodds, now in the Consular Service. Her sisters, who are twins, are married: one to Sir Edward Clive Coates, the other to the Hon. Charles Colville, M.B.E., and is a Lady-in-Waiting to the Queen. There is a young step-sister, Lady Mary Crew-Milnes, who is nine this month.

A number of Lenten "hops" have turned out to be quite large affairs, bordering on the proportions of a ball. Hostesses and their girls start out with fixed resolutions to keep numbers down. The lists of invitations are drawn up by a daughter, or daughters, and everywhere she—or they—go, in advance of the date of the dance, they are added to. As they go a great deal in these days, numbers rapidly increase, with the result that the girl—or girls—find their dancing room curtailed, and nowadays the one thing dancing enthusiasts object to is lack of space to manoeuvre in. There is, it is said, to be a strike next season against crowded private dances, and a dance club of the most exclusive is threatened, to give dances in a big place, with immaculate floor and favourite band, numbers limited, and chaperons, male and female, confined to card-rooms.

Two royal visits in state next month will give a fine send-off to our season. King Charles and Queen Marie of Roumania will, it has been stated, bring their youngest and only unmarried daughter, Princess Ileana, with them. This young lady has entered on her sixteenth year, and has already paid a rather long visit to England. She is a very pretty flapper, and has much of her mother's personal magnetism. Her two elder sisters are Queens, albeit Queen Elizabeth of Greece is a Queen without crown or country just now. Prince Nicholas of Roumania is a midshipman of our Navy. The King and Queen of Italy, who come later in next month, may be accompanied by an unmarried daughter. They have three: Princess Maria, the youngest, will be ten in December.

A E L.



Beige Suédine, a new fabric as smooth and velvety as soft suede, makes this attractive coat and skirt, sponsored by Jay's. The coat boasts a stencilled design of rust-coloured flowers. (See page 566.)



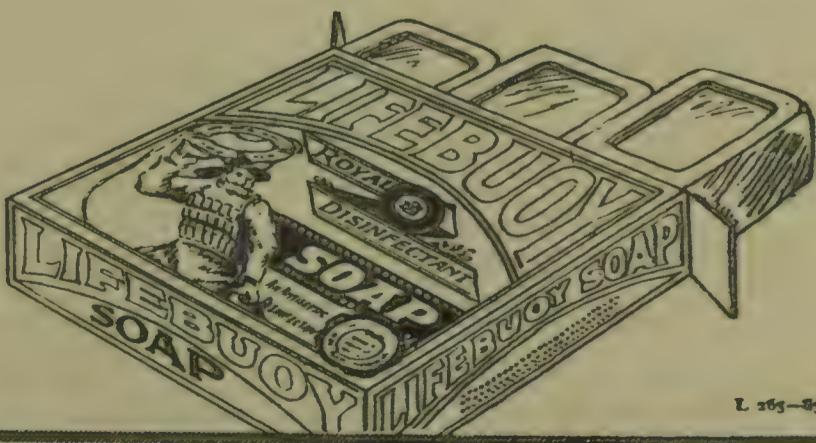
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LIFEBOUY SOAP

Fashions and Fancies.

Bouclette Suits for the Spring. Light as the softest silk, yet warm enough for early spring weather, bouclette is a delightful knitted fabric which promises to outshine many rivals this season. A distinctive four-piece suit, expressed in bouclette, is pictured on the left of page 564, in company with other new models from Jay's, Regent Street, W. The skirt, scarf, and long coat are carried out in jade bouclette bound with nigger silk braid, while the jumper-coat boasts an effective embroidered design expressed in soft tones of yellow. The suit and scarf may be purchased for 10½ guineas, and the long coat for 9½ guineas. Simple bouclette suits of every hue can be obtained from 6½ guineas upwards; while fascinating long jumpers, reaching to the knee, are 4 guineas, embroidered with gay woolen flowers. Another attractive new fabric is Suède, of which is built the suit on the right. The coat is decorated with an effective stencilled design of rust-coloured flowers, and the skirt has a wrap-over effect. Surprising though it may seem, the price is only 7½ guineas, and it may be obtained in several colourings.

Frocks of Artificial Silk and Tinsel. Heavy artificial silk of a dark Oxford blue, bound with vivid yellow, expresses the third model pictured on page 564. The jumper is embroidered with cotton thread in artistic colourings, and the price is 10½ guineas. Another novel alliance sponsored by Jay's is that of artificial silk and tinsel, worked together in wonderfully effective designs. Frocks of this genre may be obtained from 9½ guineas, and short coats from 4½ guineas. For sports enthusiasts there are gay knitted tennis coats embroidered all over in multi-coloured cotton for 7½ guineas, and distinctive jumper suits for golf, closely knitted in checked designs and looking like fine tweed. The suit is priced at 12½ guineas, and includes a long scarf to match.

Inexpensive Undies of Crêpe-de-Chine. Every woman revels in silk lingerie, and consequently will rejoice to find that the attractive sleeveless

nightgown sketched on this page can be secured for 29s. 11d. at Robinson and Cleaver's, 156, Regent Street, W., notwithstanding the fact that it is made of crêpe-de-Chine and guipure lace. Chemise and

knickers to match are available for 19s. 11d. each. The boudoir cap (price 13s. 11d.) is of pale-blue georgette, trimmed with ribbons and frilling, while the other attractive Dutch bonnet shape costs 10s. 11d., and is expressed in lilac crêpe-de-Chine and café-au-lait lace. On the left is a useful Princess slip of white Japanese silk, decorated with fine hem-stitching, and costing only 16s. 11d. There is also a wide choice of hand-embroidered undies in linen and cambric at exceptionally modest prices. Pretty matinée jackets are, of course, indispensable items of the spring and summer wardrobe, and there are some delightful affairs in wool-backed satin, edged with lace, for 35s. 9d., or in heavy crêpe-de-Chine for 36s. 9d. Another attractive model, priced at 37s. 9d., is carried out in soft silk moiré, bordered with a fichu of net frilling.



Shell-pink crêpe-de-Chine and guipure lace make this attractive sleeveless nightgown, and hemstitched Jap silk the Princess petticoat. The captivating "Dutch bonnet" on the left is expressed in lilac crêpe-de-Chine and café-au-lait lace; while the second boudoir cap is of blue georgette, trimmed with ribbons and lace. Sketched at Robinson and Cleaver's, Regent Street, W.

The Secret of Slenderness. It is no exaggeration to say that a never-failing secret of slenderness lies in wearing

the new "Corslo" silhouette, recently designed by the famous corsetière at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W., who has made a lifelong study of the subject. For this attractive affair combines every garment in one—chemise, corset, knickers, and petticoat—thus skilfully avoiding the usual fourfold thickness of material. The top is built of special satin, and the pleated petticoat and detachable knickers are of crêpe-de-Chine. The "Corslo" pantalon is another design built on the same lines, but with no petticoat attached. It may be obtained in tricot for 52s. 6d., or in crêpe-de-Chine for 4½ guineas. These models are boned in varying degrees to suit stout and slender figures. They are invaluable to even the most slender figure for sports and dancing; while for anyone with a tendency to *embonpoint* who wishes to wear the straight, tight frocks of to-day, they are absolutely indispensable. To all readers of this paper is extended a cordial invitation to visit this salon and view the many creations.

Novelty of the Week. Fashionable jumper suits in heavy artificial silk, piped with gay parrot nuances, are obtainable for the modest sum of 25s. On application to this paper, I shall be pleased to advise readers where they may be obtained.

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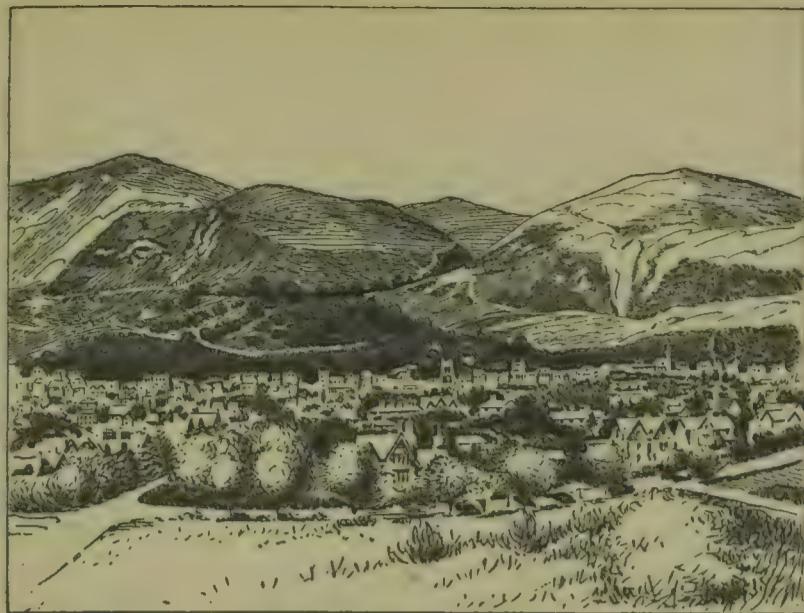
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Speed in
Long-Distance
Trials.

A lot of correspondence has been taking place in the motoring journals on the subject of speed in long-distance reliability trials. This has special reference to the speed-limit of twenty m.p.h. in the forthcoming R.A.C. thousand miles'

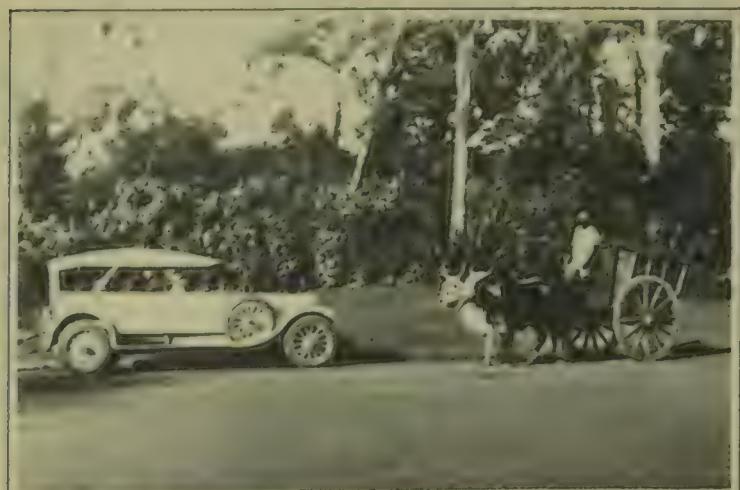
over ordinary roads is merely farcical as a test of the modern car. I know a few frankly bad cars which I should be more than pleased to undertake to drive for such a distance on decent main roads, and would back myself handsomely to cover the whole distance without a serious breakdown. But I should not lay a single penny on their covering 150 miles all out on Brooklands at the end. There are, however, quite a few cars which are not bad, neither are they good, though I imagine they might easily complete such a test as I have outlined. There are others which could do it, as the saying is, on their heads. The trouble is to devise a test which will really eliminate the bad and leave the good cars in. So long as the present legal limit of speed on the road persists, I am afraid it is impossible to formulate conditions which will meet the whole of the requirements. Such trials as that projected by the R.A.C. are good, but their results must be carefully analysed to be of any value as a guide to the intending purchaser.

Garage "Service."

I hate to write in criticism of a generally competent body of men, who genuinely do their best in the interests of the motor-owner. There is no doubt, nevertheless, that there are far too many incompetents in the garage business—men who will cheerfully take on any job that offers, without the slightest qualifying knowledge. Here is a case to point the moral. A friend of mine is the owner of a 15-20-h.p. Fiat, a very fine car indeed. He told me that something had gone wrong with the clutch, which would not come out of engagement, and asked if I would run over and look at it. I told him the best thing for him to do was to get in touch with Messrs. Fiat Motors, and ask them to send one of their travelling mechanics to come down and put it right. This he did, and I

went down myself to see what had happened. It appeared that the car had been sent to a local garage to have the engine decarbonised, and that when this was done the garage butcher had decided that it would be a good thing to fill the gear-box with oil and grease, and generally to lubricate the chassis. As those familiar with Fiat construction know, the clutch is of the multiple disc type, requiring an occasional syringe-full of lubricating oil and paraffin to keep it in working order. What the Fiat mechanic took out of the clutch casing was about three pounds weight of mixed gear oil and motor grease, which had been put in by the local "motor engineer." No wonder the clutch would not disengage! Really, I thought such idiots had been eliminated from the business long ago.

A Royal Appointment. It is interesting to note that Crossley Motors, Ltd., have been appointed motor-car manufacturers to the King of Spain. His Majesty is, of course, well known both in his own country and in Great



TRANSPORT CONTRASTS IN INDIA: A NAPIER OF THE LATEST TYPE AND A NATIVE BULLOCK CART ON MALABAR HILL, BOMBAY.

The Napier car seen in the photograph is one of the latest 12-ft. wheel-base type, painted a very light blue. What impresses Indian residents is the wonderful silence and smooth running of the engine, here indicated by the fact that the usually restive bullocks of the native cart are undisturbed by the car's approach.

small-car trial. On the one hand, some people hold that a trial which is carried out at such limited speed is no trial at all, since the worst designed and constructed car can, in the hands of an expert driver, successfully accomplish such a distance without a serious breakdown, and this school of thought presses for a really high-speed test at the end of the road trial. On the other hand, some aver that a thousand miles' test can be made perfectly adequate if the roads are carefully chosen—in other words, if it is carried out over freak roads which no motorist in his senses would elect to tour.

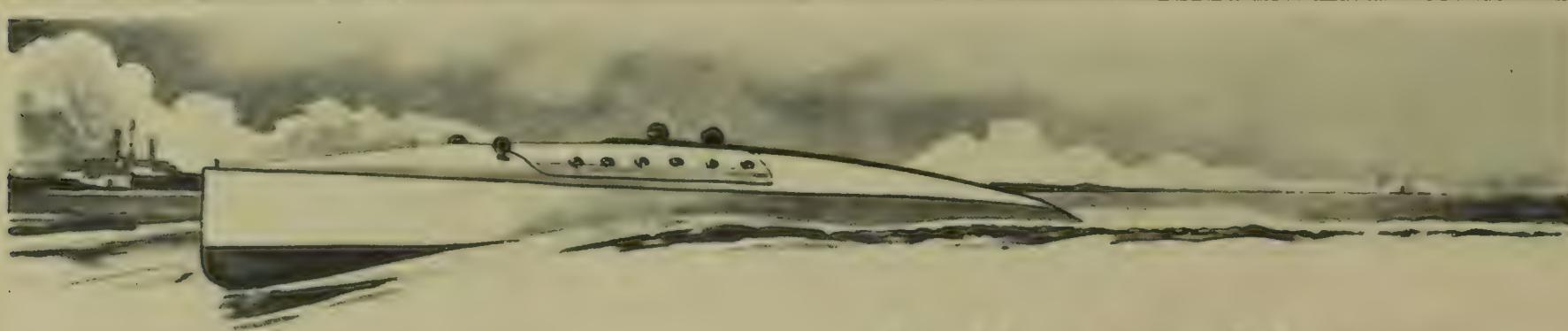
As is generally the case in such controversies, the real truth would seem to lie midway between the two. I quite agree that 1000 miles at 20 m.p.h.



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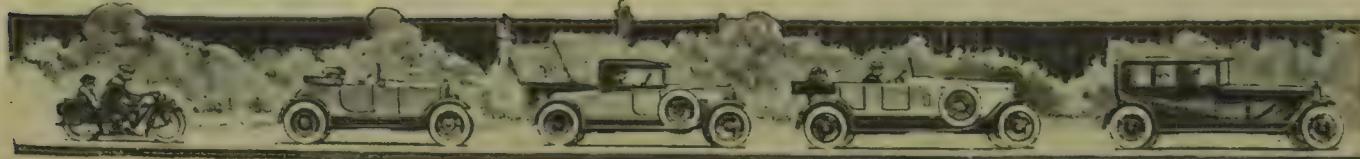
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THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

ITALIAN BALLET AND OPERA.

ONE of the problems that might well receive the attention of Signor Mussolini in his energetic attempts to make Italy a great European Power is the extraordinary decline in all the arts which has occurred in Italy during the last two hundred years. Even the most casual and uninstructed visitor to Italy's beautiful cities cannot help noticing the strange contrast between the old and the new. One need not be a connoisseur of sculpture to notice that the swarms of marble and plaster Garibaldis and Victor Emmanuelns which decorate the streets—with their hair and coat-tails flying in the air on the stillest day—compare very unfavourably with the Venice Colleoni or the works of Donatello; while it does not even take a musician to feel the difference between the old Italian folk-songs (so painstakingly collected by Mme. Geni Sader) and the modern popular tunes to be heard in Italian streets. And now we have an Italian Ballet and Opera company which has come all the way to Covent Garden to bring home to us once more how sad an artistic decline the home of the Renaissance has fallen into.

It is true that Mme. Ileana Leonidoff-Massera, the choreographist and *prima ballerina* of the company, declares herself to be "Russian by birth and spirit," but she adds that she is nevertheless "Italian by choice and culture"; and, though one may as greatly admire Italy and the Italians as I do, it may yet be permissible, under the circumstances, to wish that for the purposes of ballet Mme. Leonidoff-Massera had been Italian by birth and Russian by choice, for Russia is the only country in our time which has contributed anything of artistic value to the ballet.

Italy was the original home of the ballet, and one of the earliest ballets we know of was a dinner-ballet arranged by Bergonzio di Botta, a gentleman of Tortona, for the wedding of Galeazzo Duke of Milan with Isabella of Aragon. It took place in 1489 in a stately salon, surrounded by a gallery where the musicians were stationed, and each course was introduced by the servers and waiters with a dance in character. The Renaissance passion for classical antiquity may be judged from the fact that in this ballet were introduced Jason and the Argonauts (the Golden Fleece was the table-cover!), Mercury, Apollo, Diana and her nymphs, Orpheus (who chanted the praises of the bride upon the lyre), Eurydice, Atalanta, Theseus, Iris, Hebe, Hymen, Helen, Medea, Bacchus, and many others. It was the talk of every city, and set the fashion for generations.

The mime-ballet, "to point a moral and adorn a tale," was the oldest form of ballet, and no new invention of the Russians; but during the nineteenth century the Italian ballet had declined to an empty, formalised type of postures and steps, in which there was no attempt whatever to express the story dramatically or symbolically in the dancing, although the Italians still supplied Europe with most of the best dancers and ballet-masters. Fokine, the great Russian choreographist, may be said to have done for the ballet what Gluck and Wagner did for opera: he revitalised it and once more made the dancing emotionally expressive. Mme. Leonidoff-Massera professes the same intentions, and, now that these ideas have become the commonplaces of ballet, we may expect to hear all choreographists professing them for the next fifty years; but intentions are not the same thing as performance, and it is by the latter that critics must judge.

Probably Mme. Leonidoff-Massera has got her company together from different parts of Italy, and has not been able to train it thoroughly; for neither in "Festa Persiana" (a Persian ballet with music by Glinka, Rubinstein, and Rimsky-Korsakov), nor in "El Cavudenti" (a Venetian ballet with music by Boccherini and Monti) was the actual dancing of a very highly finished type. Of choreographic plot there was none in "Festa Persiana"; it was a mere gyration and prostration of fakirs! "El Cavudenti" was almost equally bare of choreographic art; while in neither of these ballets was there any compensating beauty of *décor*.

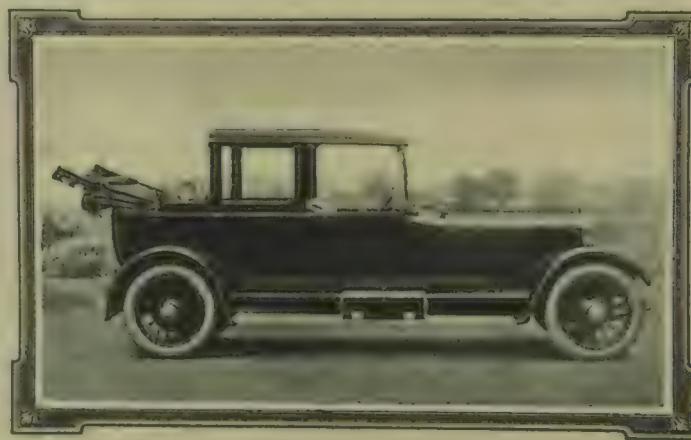
I only heard one of the operas given by Mme. Leonidoff-Massera's company, but this, "I Dispettosi Amanti," an opera in one act by A. Parelli, who conducted the performance, was written in the eighteenth-century convention; and, as it did not in any way go beyond the limits of its model, it was quite enjoyable, and was tolerably well sung. The beneficial effects of following a good model when the natural taste happens to be bad is again vividly demonstrated by Wolf-Ferrari's admirable little comic opera, "Il Segreto di Suzanna," which was also included in Mme. Leonidoff-Massera's season. In this work, where he follows the tradition and restrains his own exuberance, Wolf-Ferrari is delightful; but what he becomes when he *really* lets himself go and writes from his twentieth-century heart and head may be seen in his "Jewels of the Madonna."

Most people, I suppose, are familiar with the wonders of the Genoa necropolis; but even the smaller, out-of-the-way cemeteries have their triumphs of funerary art. I remember last year that I had been

visiting the well-known church of San Miniato, near Florence, and on leaving the church it came into my head to enter the cemetery attached, which I had never seen. As I passed through the archway and caught a glimpse of the forest—or rather, copse, for it is quite small—of white marble, I saw suddenly a glittering Homburg hat tilted at a rakish angle crowning a marble bust. This marble headgear looking like a hatter's advertisement was a comparatively new and much-admired addition. The possibility of Italian ladies following suit and leaving instructions in their wills for the erection of accurate reproductions of their favourite millinery over their graves is not at all unlikely, and in this event modern Italian cemeteries will become very like scenes from modern Italian opera.

I cannot help thinking that it is very strange that these things can happen in the nation that produced Masaccio, Raphael, Michelangelo, Donatello, and all the great architects of the Renaissance, to say nothing of such sober and profound musicians as Palestrina and Vittoria. Even as late as the eighteenth century the Italians still had exquisite taste, as Canale in painting and Scarlatti in music are enough to show; but with the appearance of Italy as a united nation eager to go ahead and develop industrially and commercially, and prove that she has a future as well as a past, there has sprung up a crop of all those vices characteristic of new nations as rich and perfect as any the New World or the Southern Hemisphere can produce. Italy hardly seems to belong to the culture of Europe to-day. Modern Italy does not give one the feeling of an old civilisation and culture, as England, France, and even, but to a lesser extent, Germany do. She gives one the impression of a brand-new country sprung up among the ruins of an old culture to which it is completely oblivious. There was no need for Marinetti and the Futurists to demand that the past should be physically obliterated, since it has so little influence upon the modern Italian mind that it may be said to exist only for strangers. It is probable that all these marble Homburg hats, flamboyant Garibaldis, and operatic waxworks are mere placards announcing to the world the existence of an Italy which has nothing to do with Raphael and Michelangelo, an Italy which is prouder of the F.I.A.T. works than of the Sistine Chapel, and that the only way young Italy can attract attention to itself is by a bold repudiation of all artistic aims. But it is sad for Mme. Leonidoff-Massera, who has at this unpropitious hour become "Italian by choice and culture."

W. J. TURNER.



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CHESS.

To CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

GEORGE NEWALL (Sandbach).—But if Black play 1. — K takes R what then?

M. S. MAUGHAN (Barton-on-Sea).—We are afraid your amendment of your solution of No. 3925 comes too late for us to deprive you of the credit of correctly solving it, for your first thoughts were right, and your second ones wrong.

PHILIP A. COOKS (Mount Street).—We are fairly caught, and you are entitled to "rub it in." Strange to say, only one other correspondent has noticed the error, which is quite inexplicable, except that it ought to have been corrected in proof.

M. BEACH (Milton Bridge).—In No. 3924, after 1. Q to K R 2nd, if Black play P to K B 4th, 2. Q to Q 6th mates. In your solution of No. 3923, you have apparently counted White's move from Black's position, and No. 3926 you must look at again.

P. COOPER (Clapham).—Answers from old correspondents are always welcome. Under the circumstances, we have given you credit for No. 39.

P. ORRIS (Portsmouth).—You're quite right, both in your solution and your assumption that an error was made. You share with another correspondent the distinction of noting it.

C. J. M. WATSON (Dublin).—The suggested amendment is no improvement. You must examine the problem again.

A. EDMESTON (Worsley).—In your solution of No. 3926, in the course of your careful analysis, you give 1. — Q to B 7th; 2. Q to Q 5th, mate. Does not Q to B 7th give check to White's King?

R. MC COOK (Marlborough).—No. 3926 you must look at again. In No. 3927 you have been misled by an error in the diagram, as explained elsewhere.

HORACE E. McFARLAND (St. Louis, Mo.).—Your interesting budget is always welcome. You will see we have made use of it.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3923 received from H.H. the Maharana Siheb of Porbander, H.T. Marker (Porbander), G. Parbury (Singapore) and M. Beach (Milton Bridge); of No. 3925 from B. Haughton (Waterford), D.P. Gannon (Athens), P. Cooper (Clapham) and J.M.K. Lupton (Richmond); and of No. 3926 from R.B. Pearce (Happisburgh), C.H. Watson (Masham), W.N. Powell (Ledbury), H. Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), B. Haughton (Waterford), and J.M.K. Lupton (Richmond).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3927 received from R.P. Nicholson (Crayke), C.H. Watson (Masham), W.N. Powell (Ledbury), W. Hamilton Gell (Exeter), C.B.S. (Canterbury), T.W. Wiggin (St. James Square), P. Cooper (Clapham), P. Ollis (Portsmouth), J.C. Kruse (London, W.), J.P. Smith (Cricklewood), J.C. Stackhouse (Torquay), R.B.N. (Fewkesbury), H. Burgess (St. Leonards-on-Sea), G. Stillingfleet (Johnson (Cobham)), E.G.B. Barlow (Bournemouth), H.W. Satow (Bangor), J. Hunter (Leicester), I.W. Cafferata (Parndon), S. Caldwell (Hove), L.P. Flower (Brislington) and P.A. Cohen (Mount Street).

In Problem No. 3927, we much regret that, by an oversight, the colours of the sides were reversed in the diagram, although the conventional setting of the position was otherwise followed.

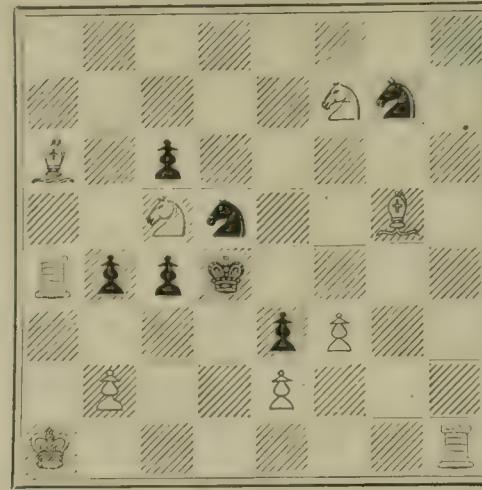
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 3926.—BY A. A. HUME.

WHITE	BLACK
1. Q to Q B 5th	Anything
2. Mates accordingly.	

A cunning problem which improves on acquaintance. A surprising proportion of our best solvers propose 1. B to Q 5th, overlooking the reply of Q to B 7th (ch); while it is a long time since we have had such a diversity of other solutions, even from expert correspondents, offered to a given position.

PROBLEM No. 3928.—BY E. G. B. BARLOW.

BLACK.



White to play, and mate in two moves.

We are indebted to an esteemed correspondent in St. Louis for a full account of Alekhine's visit to that city, together with the score of his two blindfold games, one of which we have the pleasure of giving above, and recommend to the attention of all lovers of brilliant chess.

The death of Mrs. W. J. Braid has been closely followed by that of her brother, Mr. Carlsake Wood, due, it is said, to the shock of his sister's loss. With him closes a family record hard to equal in the annals of the game.

The Hamilton Russell competition is drawing to a close, only one more round waiting to be completed. At present the National Liberal Club, with another game to play, heads the list with 5½; but the Constitutional Club, with a completed programme, has the same score, and cannot be lower than second.

The next annual meeting of the British Chess Federation will be held at Southport (Lancashire) from August 11 to August 23, when a full prize list will be arranged, to be announced later.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Blindfold game in an exhibition of simultaneous play given by A. ALEXHINE, at St. Louis, Mo.—thirty-three over the board, and two without sight of it. The Black pieces were played by Mr. R. H. O'MALLEY.

(Vienna Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. O'M.)	WHITE (Mr. A.)	BLACK (Mr. O'M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	16. B to Q 5th	
2. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to Kt 5th	17. Q R to K B sq	B takes R
3. B to Q B 4th	P to Q 3rd	18. R takes B	Kt to K 4th
4. P to K B 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	19. R to R 6th	P takes R
5. Kt to K B 3rd	B to K Kt 5th	20. B to B 6 (ch)	Kt takes B
6. Castles	Kt to K B 3rd	21. Kt takes Kt	Q to K 2nd
7. P to Q 3rd	Castles	22. Q takes K P	Q takes Kt
8. P to K R 3rd	B takes K Kt	23. Q takes Q (ch)	K to Kt sq
9. Q takes B	Kt to Q 5th	24. B to Kt 3rd	Q R to K sq
10. Q to Q sq	B to Q B 4th	25. P to K R 4th	Kt to Q 2nd
11. K to R sq	P takes P	26. Q to B 5th	Kt takes B
		27. P to R 5th	Mates in four.

This only serves White's purpose. He has already gained a slight advantage in the opening, which in the next few moves develops into an overwhelming attack.

- 12. Q B takes P
- 13. B to K Kt 5th
- 14. Kt to Q 5th
- 15. Q to R 5th
- 16. R to B 6th

Now the fireworks begin, and

From March 31 to April 4 will be Golf Week at Harrod's, Knightsbridge, S.W. Among the professionals in attendance will be James Braid, Alex Herd, Edward Ray, George Duncan, F. Robson, Harry Vardon, George Cadd, James Sherlock, J.H. Taylor, and A. Mitchell. There will be six full-size practice nets, and a putting-green. A special attraction for women is a series of competitions daily, from 11 a.m. to 12 a.m., as follows: Monday—Driving Competition; Tuesday—Iron Competition; Wednesday—Mashie Competition; Thursday—Driving Competition; Friday—Iron Competition. Two of the professionals will judge each competition, and a prize to the value of £3 will be awarded to the winner in each. Harry Vardon will give two lectures daily, at 11.30 a.m. and 3.30 p.m.

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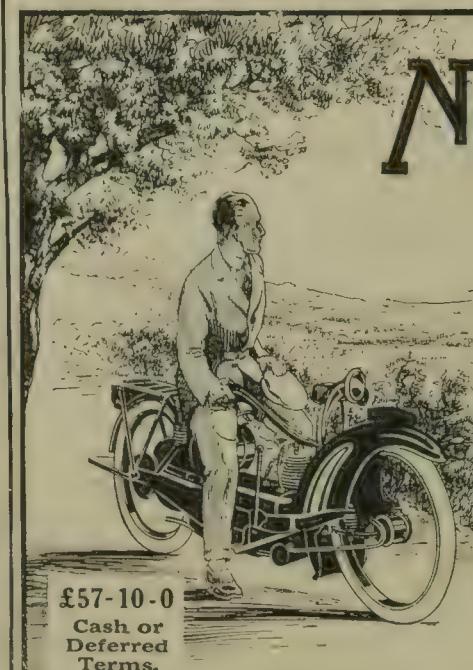
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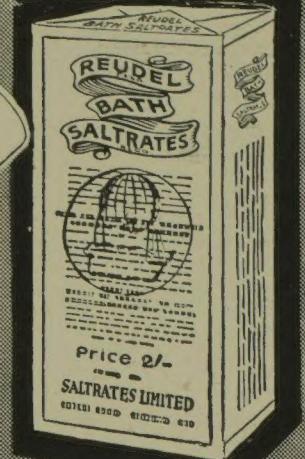
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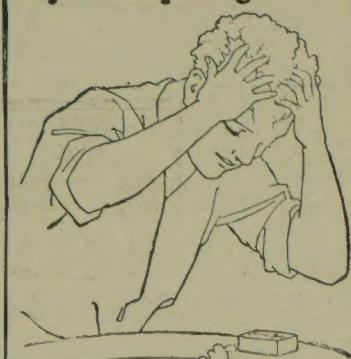
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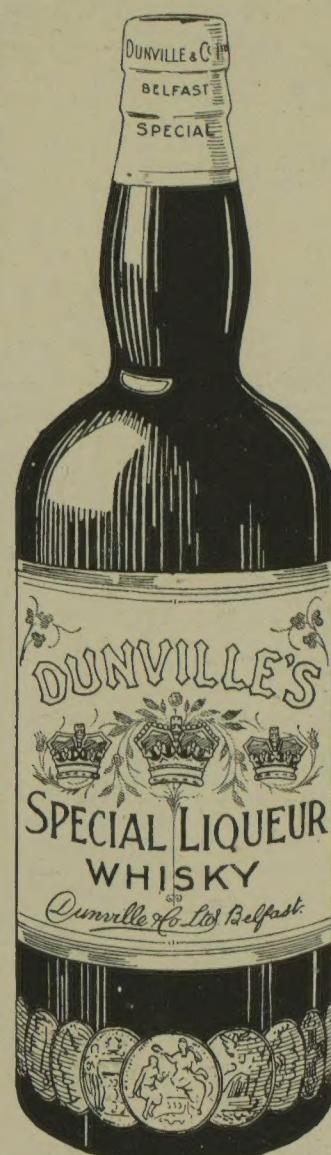
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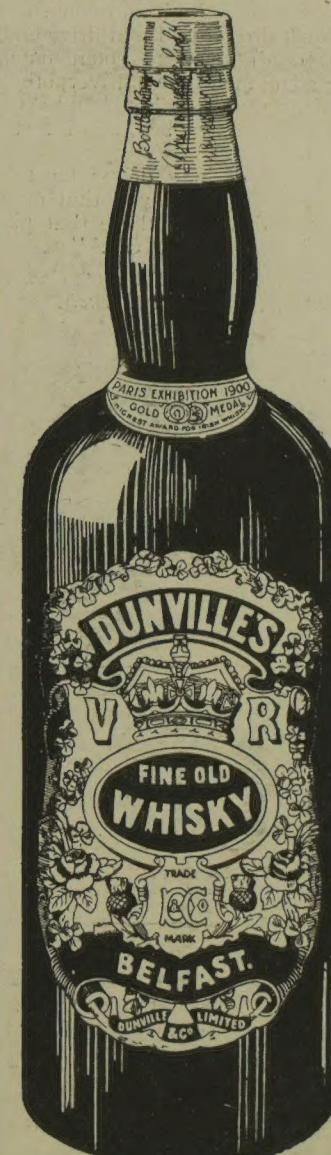
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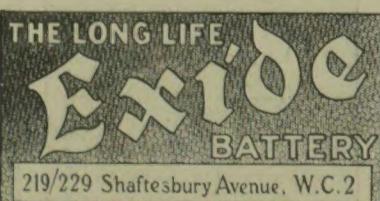
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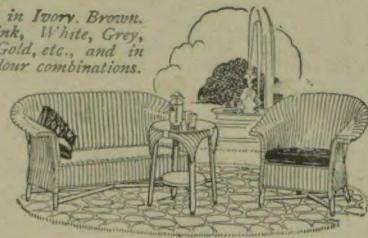
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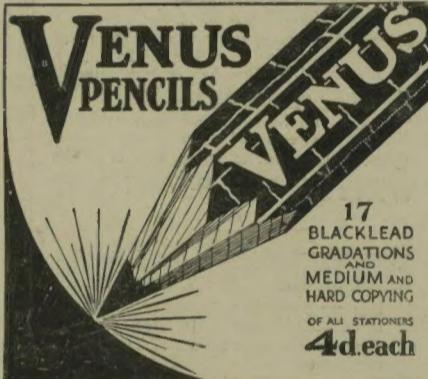


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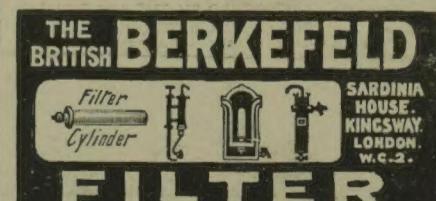
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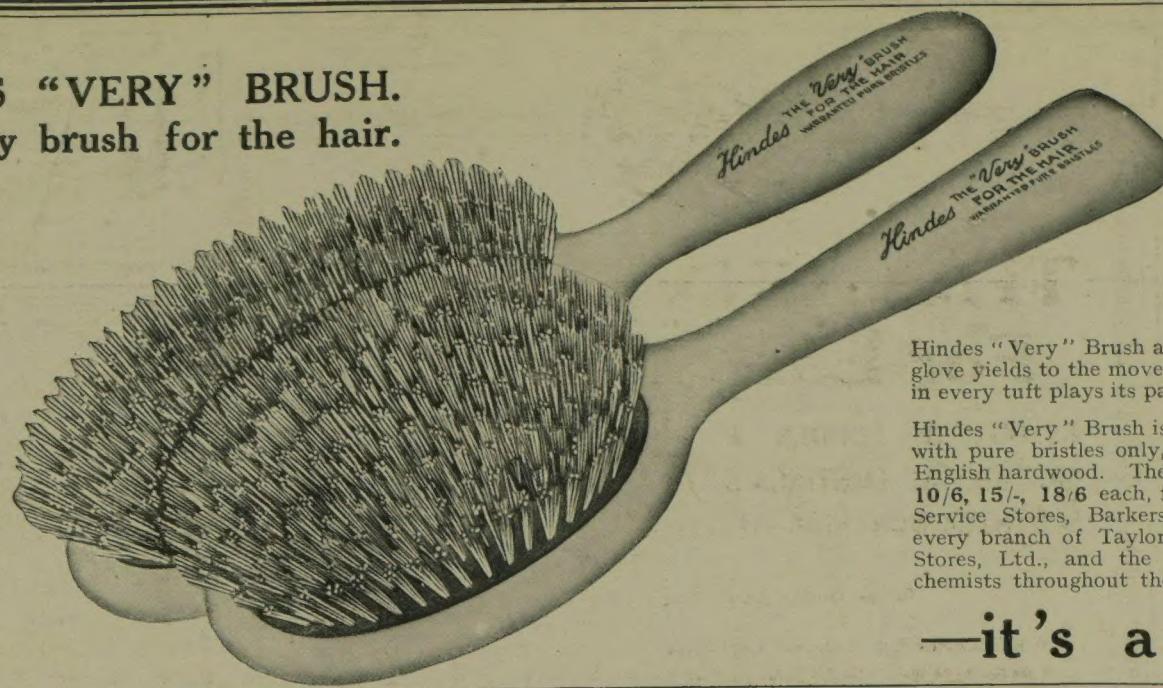
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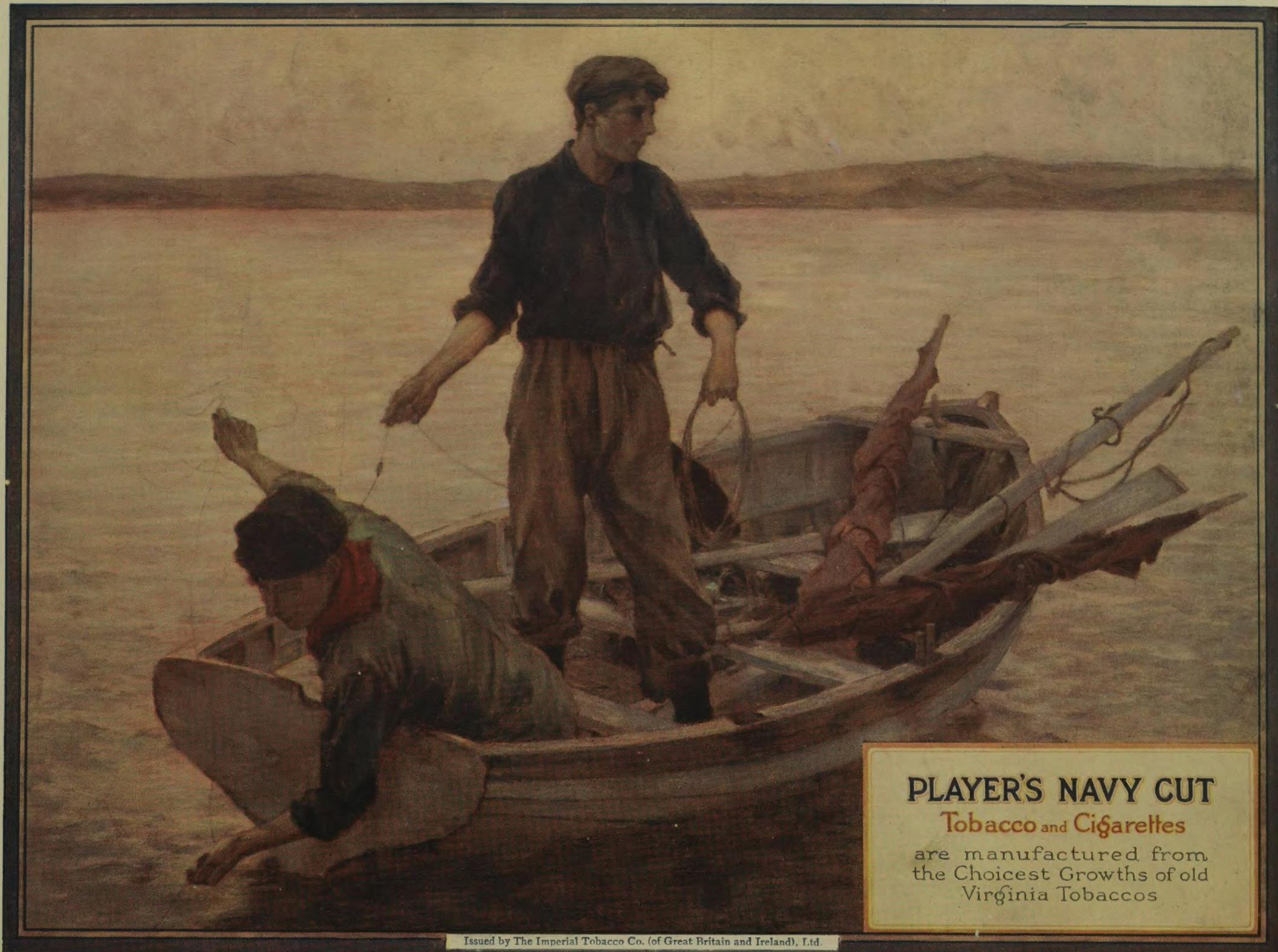
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